

Sports—1912.

BASEBALL IN CUBA.

Who Perfected the Deal to Bar Colored American Players—Did Cuba Fall for That Race Prejudice Gag?

By Juli Jones, Jr.

The Cuban baseball players got one well deserved beating after the smoke cleared away. The black fans of America are asking themselves, did the Cubans double-cross the colored stars of this country or did they fall for that race prejudice gag?

In any case, the managers of the American baseball teams that visited Cuba last season made fall guyns out of the Cuban promoters—defeated, called them Negro. The last of all said they did not have any baseball science.

The Cuban promoters were so anxious to have the best teams in America play on the island that they allowed John McGraw, of the New York Giants, and Frank Bancroft, of the Cincinnati Reds, to dictate their own terms. The Americans went the limit. Every member could bring along wife, mother and father-in-law, at the Cubans' expense. All this is all right. That was up to the promoters. But the last clause in the one-sided contract put the Cubans on the bum. That was that no American colored ball player should be permitted to play on any Cuban team while contesting against the American clubs. The last clause was the fatal blow to Cuba from the baseball way of thinking. This clause barred all of the colored American stars, such as Hill, Booker, Petway, Ball, Pettus and others that made up the teams in 1910—the players that were responsible for the downfall of the world's champion Philadelphia club, the wonderful Detroit club, the Cincinnati Reds. All of the above teams carried regular season players, such as Cobb, Collins, Baker, Crawford, Plank, Bender and Coombs. The defeat of America's foremost teams stung like everything. The American scribes refused to write on the matter, tiptoe so deep, and was kept quiet. The first rule that was passed by the world's series commission was that the winner of the championship should not play any exhibition games in this country or any other. The clause was presented by Ban Johnson, the wisest baseball head of all times, as the defeat of Philadelphia and Detroit, the stars of the mighty American league, was still fresh in his mind. He knew that another such performance would surely hurt his league. It was secretly known that they absolutely refused to allow any American League club to play on the island last season. The offer was made to the National League through Frank Bancroft and John McGraw, one of the world's wisest baseball managers. McGraw solved the problem in a very few minutes. McGraw has the highest regard for the American colored ball player, as he once tried to play a colored man on his Baltimore team. He has been known to make public remarks about different colored players when he attended Sunday games in semi-pro contests, and said he would give anything in the world if Rube Foster was a white man; it was too bad that Walter Ball was colored; that it is a shame that Lord could not show the public what he could do; that if he had Petway no money could buy him; that the world was robbed of seeing a most sensational player on account of Monroe's color.

McGraw had the box score of every game played in Cuba lying in front of him. He could readily see that all of the games were won by the Cubans by the work of the American colored players on the Cuban teams. To defeat the Cuban players the American colored players would have to be barred. To do so he would have to be clever, so he

insisted in his contract that the Cuban teams must be made up of native-born sons. This clause shut out the American Negro ball player. The Cuban promoters stood for it, or either their heads got swelled over their last season's success. The result was they got wiped off the earth. Called Negroes as ball players, they knew how to throw and run, but did not know when to do

either—no baseball brains. This was John McGraw's remark when he returned to America.

The last remark must carry a lot of weight. The Cubans should now, if they have any real baseball sense, that they were not old enough in the game to collect a team to beat the pick of ball teams in this, the American and National Leagues, who have more ball players to pick from than the whole male population of Cuba. But the Cubans seem to be a race of forgetful people when it comes to the American colored man, whom they should respect above anyone from a baseball standpoint.

The Cuban has given the colored baseball player a direct slap once before. Some time ago—about twenty-five years—a few active hotel employees and professional ball players organized a baseball club at Palm Beach, Fla., to amuse the guests of the hotel. The club was known as the Cuban Giants. The team came North and created quite a splash in the baseball waters. The people of Cuba sent up an awful howl and protested to the Spanish minister at Washington, D. C., to use his best efforts to stop the club from using Cuba's good name to fool the American public.

Unfortunately the Cubans were in bad standing with the Spanish government in old Madrid. It was disconcerting to the Spanish to think that the Cubans had to engage American colored baseball players to teach them the game and to play with them, as no white player of any ability would think about taking the job.

The Cubans are like all foreign peoples, they were quick to recognize race prejudice. But it hoped that their defeat by the American teams will teach them not to go into a big game half prepared. The Cubans above all people of the world should love and respect the American colored man, and remember that it was the gallantry of the American colored soldiers that broke the yoke of Spain from their necks.

Football Season of Negro Colleges

SEASON A MOST SUCCESSFUL ONE

Leadership Rests Between Howard University and the Atlanta Bapt. College—Games Very Liberally Patronized—Atlanta Baptist College Overwhelmed Other Atlanta Schools.

That year after year football is getting a stonger footing among the athletic events of the Negro schools and colleges of the country was demonstrated very clearly this fall by their general participation in the game.

The schedule of games of the various schools was more complete and more satisfactory to the public this year than ever before

and with but few exceptions was played without a hitch.

Everything taken into consideration the teams representing most of the colleges have shown themselves to be well versed with the new game, and some of their exhibitions have called for the highest praises.

The season has come to a close with two teams standing out preeminently above the others—they are the Atlanta Baptist College and Howard University. Both teams at least for the present year will have no content themselves with sharing the glory of holding the leadership among the Negro colleges of the country.

Meeting between the two this year would have been a battle royal with a toss up as to which would be returned the victor. The Atlanta Baptist College met and virtually slaughtered the other Atlanta schools and won from Tuskegee Institute and Fisk University in two of the most beautiful

contests ever seen on a southern gridiron. Howard University on the other hand won most decisively from all her opponents, being only scored by Hampton Institute, the only touch down made against her by an opponent in five years.

The following are the games, with scores, of some of the leading colleges of the country:

ATLANTA BAPTIST COLLEGE

A. B. C. 87, Morris Brown 0
A. B. C. 48, Atlanta Univ. 0
A. B. C. 45, Clark Univ. 0
A. B. C. 12, Tuskegee 3
A. B. C. 13, Fisk Univ. 6

HOWARD UNIVERSITY

Howard 6, Annapolis Grays 0
Howard 13, Hampton 7
Howard 29, Shaw 0
Howard 25, Livingston 0
Howard 13, Lincoln 0

CLAFFIN UNIVERSITY

Claffin 38, Paine 0
Claffin 38, Georgia State 0
Claffin 0 Livingston 0
Claffin 3, Haines 0

FISK UNIVERSITY

Fisk Univ. 39, Roger Williams 0
Fisk Univ. 15, Ma. A. & M. C. 0
Fisk Univ. 7, Tuskegee 6
Fisk Univ. 6, Atlanta B. Col. 13

HAMPTON INSTITUTE

Hampton 74, Union Univ. 0
Hampton 7, Howard Univ. 13
Hampton 10, Lincoln 6
Hampton 34, Shaw Univ. 0

TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE

Tuskegee 6, Fisk Univ. 7
Tuskegee 3, A. B. C. 12
Tuskegee 7, Talladega 0
Tuskegee 14, Jackson College 0
SOUTH CAROLINA STATE COLLEGE
State College 19, Georgia State 0
State Col. 39, H. S., Columbia 0
State College 8, Allen Univ. 0
State College 0, Paine Col. 13

ATLANTA UNIVERSITY

Atlanta Univ. 6, Morris Brown 0
Atlanta Univ. 9, A. B. Col. 48
Atlanta Univ. 0, Haines Ins. 0
Atlanta Univ. 0, Clark Univ. 0

CLARK UNIVERSITY

Clark Univ. 0, Morris Brown 0
Clark Univ. 0, A. B. College 44
Clark Univ. 0, Atlanta Univ. 0

MORRIS BROWN COLLEGE

Morris Brown 0, Atlanta Univ. 6
Morris Brown 0, Clark Univ. 0
Morris Brown 0, A. B. Col. 87

TALLADEGA COLLEGE

Talladega 6, A. & M. College 0
Talladega 15, Straight Univ. 2
Talladega 2, Alabama State 6
Talladega 0, Tuskegee 6

GEORGIA STATE COLLEGE

Ga. State 0, S. C. State 19
Ga. State 6, Haines Inst. 14
Ga. State 0, Claffin Univ. 38
Ga. State 24, Athens Y. M. C. A. 0
Ga. State 6, Americans 6

SHAW UNIVERSITY

Shaw 9, Kittrell College 0
Shaw 0, Livingston 12
Shaw 0, Howard Univ. 20
Shaw 0, Hampton N. & A. 34

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

JOHNSON AND THE "DOOR OF HOPE."

(By Lester A. Walton.)

POOR Jack Johnson! It is not to be implied that the champion is in a class with the proverbial church mouse and is an object of charity—far be it to put him in the poverty-stricken class with his big bank account, diamonds and motor cars. When he is spoken of as "Poor Jack Johnson" the idea is to assume an attitude of sympathy for him, for it seems that the "door of hope" of which we hear so much has been shut in his face and the keys thrown away.

Since Johnson defeated Jeffries the "door of hope" has been slightly ajar until recently. Ambitious "white hopes," urged by friends of an extremely hopeful state of mind, have sought to make it possible to regain the championship title for the white race, but their hoping has been hopeless. Johnson has stood in the "door of hope" awaiting the arrival of a "white hope," not with the intention of relinquishing the title, but with a view to increasing the size of

his bank account. His battles with "white hopes," however, since his fight with Jeffries have been few and far between. But it has not been his fault.

With no white material to work on the champion was finally induced to agree to fight Jeannette in New York before the St. Nicholas Athletic Club on September 25. Johnson is one colored man who refuses to be considered cheap, and the amount he asked for appearing in a ten-round bout with Jeannette would have bought him twelve more automobiles and many gallons of gasoline. The sporting writers were getting busy writing about the proposed fight and the devotees of the fistic art were becoming deeply interested, when the Boxing Commission stepped in and advised the promoters to call the match off, which has been done.

The reason assigned by the members of the Boxing Commission for refusing to grant the St. Nicholas Athletic Club permission to hold the boxing exhibition was that they thought it best to keep Johnson from appearing in New York for the good of the boxing game. They were not clear as to how the leading exponent of the manly art of self defense would cause boxing to deteriorate, and it is hardly probable that they could explain if given an opportunity to do so. Of course the action taken by the Boxing Commission was not due to Johnson's color. Such a charge most likely would be deemed unjust by them. But if the heavyweight champion was a white man how different things would have been.

If the word "inconsistency" was not in the English language there would be times when the question of color prejudice would not be raised by the dusky citizens of this country. But so often do we observe instances in which the color of one's skin (not circumstances) alters cases that we have grown to regard with suspicion this "Malice toward none, good will and equality opportunity for all" spirit which is supposed to pervade every nook and corner of the United States.

It is difficult for colored citizens to understand why the leading fighter of the world is refused the privilege to exhibit his fistic prowess in New York when big, burly white fighters appear before the local clubs in boxing matches which are brutal in every respect and are oftimes so sickening that the police have to stop the gory and badly-battered contestants. Such contests, it will be presumed, are regarded with high favor by the Boxing Commission. In a match between Johnson and Jeannette, although both are big men, the absence of brutality would have been a pleasing feature, as they are boxer of great skill.

Only a few days before giving out decision on the proposed Johnson-Jeannette bout Jeannette defeated Jeff Macden at the Garden A. C., receiving \$1,300 for what the writers termed a lullaque. Here was an instance of colored fighter beating up a white fighter—something not relished; but it was not suspected that there was any prejudice against two colored fighters

beating up one another.

"Bat" Masterson, the fair-minded fight expert on the *Morning Telegraph*, in commenting on the attitude of the Boxing Commission does not think the color line had so much to do with the case as it was a question of pull. He says in part:

The McMahon boys were indeed lucky in having the Johnson-Jeanette bout called off. Whether they were responsible for the cancellation of the match, or whether the Boxing Commissioners stood by their former ruling to the effect that Johnson would not be allowed to fight in New York, is not quite clear at this time. Some say the McMahons voluntarily called off the match, while others insist that the Boxing Commissioners, "for the good of the sport," forced them to do so. Maybe, after awhile, when the thing is supposed to be forgotten, the public will learn why the match didn't take place.

For the sake of the McMahon Brothers, it is perhaps a good thing the match didn't go through, for the reason that it looked like a big financial bloomer. But so far as "the good of the sport" is concerned, that's all the bunk. Johnson appearing here in a ten-round bout with Jeanette wouldn't hurt the sport half as much as a number of those who are now connected with it are doing.

The row over the match was not because it was likely to hurt the sport. It was largely on account of the place where the battle was to be staged. In other words, Johnson made a mistake in not selecting the right club. Had he agreed to fight at Madison Square Garden, everything would have been lovely, and the goose would now be swinging from the dome of the big arena. Johnson was, therefore, unfortunate in picking the battle ground.

When Lily Gibson went to Chicago to get the champion's signature to an agreement to fight Jeanette ten rounds at Madison Square Garden he doubtless knew what he was doing. He knew if he could get Johnson's consent to fight at the Garden the match would go through without opposition from the Boxing Commissioners or any one else. But how different it was when the St. Nicholas Athletic Club bagged the game! If this isn't exactly the situation, then the sporting fraternity of this city is entitled to another guess.

Conceding that Mr. Masterson's version is the correct one, the fact remains that the "door of hope" is still closed against the heavyweight champion of the world, and that he is barred from appearing in boxing exhibitions in the majority of cities in this country as well as in England, France and Australia are yet friendly disposed to have him appear in the ring, but if the color prejudice germ, which is so perniciously active in this country, is transplanted to such cities as Paris and Sidney, there will not be a place where Johnson can defend the championship title, unless it be at the North or South poles.

DREW GIVEN A RICH FOB

— 9-7-12, —

AS TESTIMONIAL FROM COLORED CITIZENS OF SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—ATHLETE AND GENTLEMAN.—SPRINGFIELD'S OLYMPIC SPRINTER REMEMBERED BY ADMIRERS.—TELLS OF HIS EXPERIENCES IN SWEDEN.

Springfield Republican, August 31, 1912.

A testimonial was tendered Howard P. Drew, the local crack sprinter, at the central high school hall last evening in appreciation of his good work at the Olympics at Sweden. A fair-sized number gathered for the occasion, mostly all of whom were negro citizens, who brought about the testimonial. Several speakers were heard and everyone had a good word for Drew, both as an athlete and a man. Without exception, all referred to the local sprinter as the best in the country at his distance. Dr. B. T. Bowens, acting as master of ceremonies and the first speaker was John A. Denison, president of the board of aldermen. Mr. Denison stated Springfield



ought to feel well proud of the man who had spread her name on the other side of the water. He extended to Drew the city's most hearty congratulations for what he had accomplished, both for himself and for the city of Springfield.

The second speaker, one who has more to do with the training of Drew than anyone else, was A. E. Metzdorf, supervisor of athletics at the high school. He described Drew as a hero in every sense of the word. Drew is largely responsible for his own good showing, according to the high school coach, because of his perseverance, and moreover his disposition. Mr. Metzdorf read a letter from James E. Sullivan, American Olympic commissioner, in which the best of praise for the local colored runner was given.

Walter V. McDuffie, a member of the high school faculty, who has a good deal to do with the educational training of Drew, explained his presence at the testimonial last night as in appreciation of a sterling athlete, and secondly a man. Unexpectedly, Phil Payton, a real estate dealer of New York city, was present, coming from New York to attend the testimonial.

The Presentation.

Next on the program came the presentation to Drew of a token in appreciation of the good work accomplished. Rev. W. N. DeBerry was introduced by the chairman and in a very fitting speech he presented Drew with a beautiful watch fob. On one side

of the solid gold piece was set a diamond and on the reverse side was inscribed: "Howard P. Drew, Olympic hero, 1912. From negro citizens, Springfield, Mass., August 30, 1912." The speaker announced that Drew gained one victory and one defeat. He lost the race, but he took the defeat as well as he would have taken a victory. In other words, he was a good loser and in this sense he was victorious. He presented the fob as a token of esteem, appreciation, pride and honor of the negro citizens of Springfield.

Drew Responded.

Drew responded with a talk on his trip to and from Stockholm and gave a very vivid and descriptive idea of the country as a whole. He told of the hardships in training on the way over, the manner in which they were received in Sweden, the way they were treated by the natives, and lastly, a short account of his experiences in the 100-meters dash. He explained his misfortune as being due to a cold contracted and that the tearing of the ligament resulted from his stepping into a soft place in the running track which caused injury to a muscle.

After Drew had completed his speech of acceptance, the audience was invited to come forward and look at the many prizes which the local runner had won during his career. There were 13 prizes there, including watches, fobs, badges, and 10 silver loving cups. P. J. Dolfin of this city, who won honors at the Olympiads as a member of the rifle team, was presented to the audience.

RACE ATHLETES LEAD

Both West and East

California Colleges Want Jackson

Cable to Lead Harvard Trackmen

Azusa Boy Sought by Big Institutions



Stonewall Jackson

The "Crack Sprinter Whom All the Southern California Colleges Want

Color, much color is the most desirable thing with the colleges of Southern California just now and Stonewall Jackson, the wonderful Azusa sprinter, is the object of color in greatest demand.

Owen R. Bird, of the Da Times staff, one of the great athletic writers and certainly one of the fairest, asks, "Who Will Get Stonewall," and says:

"Stonewall Jackson, the crack colored sprinter of Citrus Union High School, is going to enter a college or university this fall. Every college in the South wants him, and if anyone of them has ever drawn the color line it will undraw it if he knocks at the door. He is a prize worth going

after, for he showed in the national interscholastic meet at Chicago that he was the best high school sprinter in the country."

AT HARVARD ALSO

Far East a race boy leads also, and one of the daily news dispatches runs:

"Negro May Lead Harvard

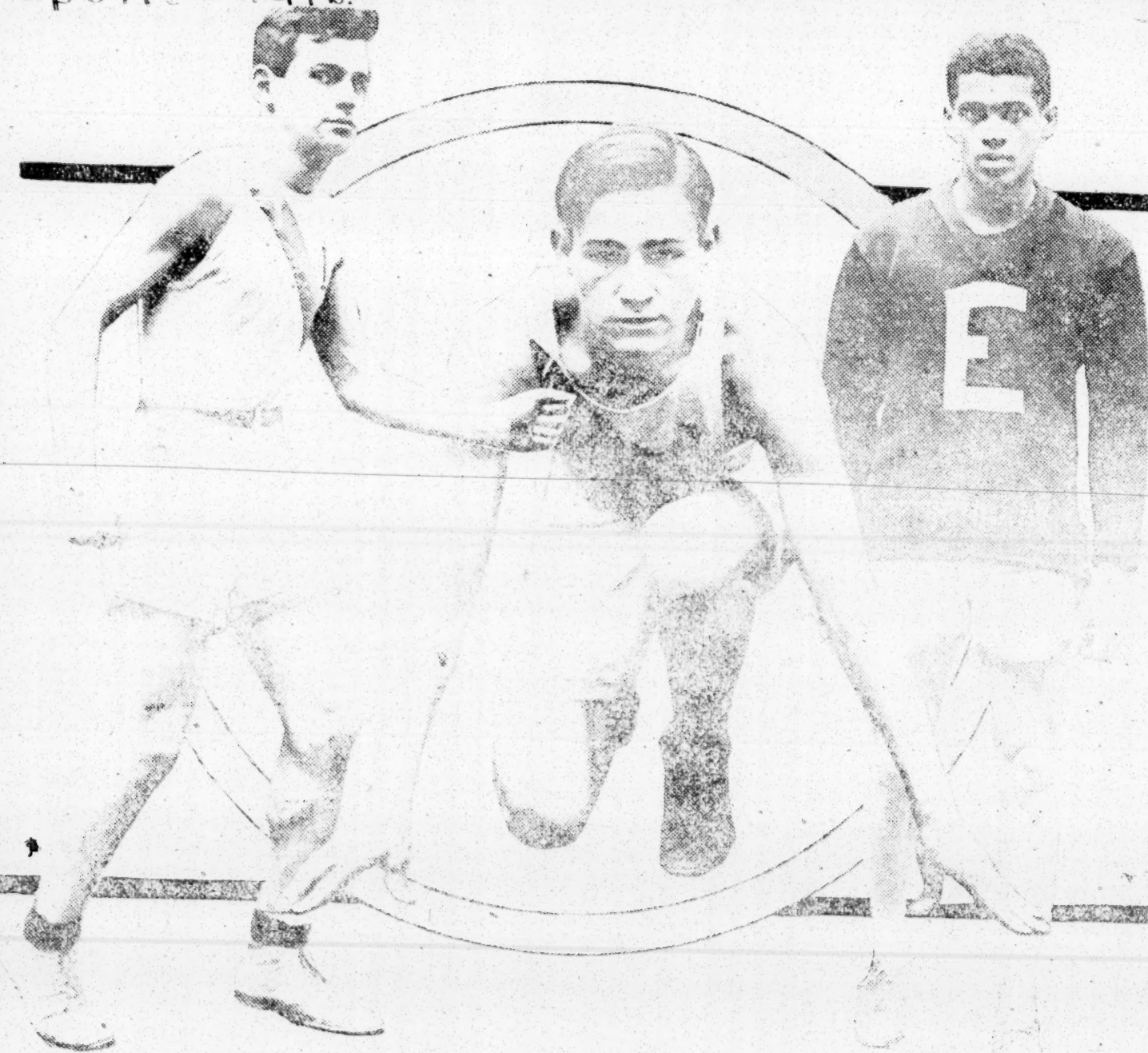
"There is no color line drawn at Harvard. Word has been received that it is practically a certainty that Cable, the wonderful colored athlete, will be chosen to lead the crimson track team for next year. Cable has competed for Harvard for two years, this last season developed in a winning broad jumper as well as a first-place man in the hammer. He has thrown the weight 157 feet and broad jumped 22 ft. 6 in."

WESTERN BAPTIST ASSOCIATION

August 21, 22, 23, at Friendship Baptist Church, Pasadena, Rev. Johnson, pastor, will convene the Western Baptists and a grand session is promised.

Is the Age-Bulletin Readable

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THREE OF THE POINT WINNERS IN YESTERDAY'S DUAL MEET BETWEEN ENGLISH HIGH AND BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL.
(Courtesy of the Boston Post.)

COLORED BEST ATHLETE OF BOSTON HIGH SCHOOLS

YOUNG IRVING HOWE OF BOSTON CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL WINS FIRST PLACES IN GAMES WITH BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL—WINS 20 POINTS OF THE 57 1-2 TOTAL FOR HIS SCHOOL.

(Boston Post, Feb. 10, 1912.)

The annual dual meet between the English High and Boston Latin schools, which took place yesterday at the Brockton Athletic Club, was a very successful one.

School drill ball, English High School was an easy winner. The team representing the Blue and Blue scored 57 1-2 points to 39 1-2 scored by Latin School.

Irving T. Howe of English High was the star of the meet. This lad won four first places, with a total of 20 points. He took first place in the dash, 100 yd. shot put and running high jump.

Ernest Soley of Latin School pressed him for honors, scoring 12 points in the dash and 10 in the shot put.

The summary of the day's work was as follows: 100 yd. dash—Won by I. T. Howe, English High, in 17 1-2 seconds. 100 yd. shot put—Won by Ernest Soley, Latin School, in 12 1-2 feet.

Barry, English High, fourth. Time 3 3-5s. 600-yard run—Won by I. T. Howe, English High; C. Morgan, English High, second; P. S. Kerr, English High, third; J. Saladine, Boston Latin, fourth. Time, 1m. 37s. Shotput—Won by I. T. Howe, English High, distance 11ft. 1in.; E. W. Soley, Boston Latin, distance 9ft. 1in., second; James Murphy, English High, third, distance 9ft. 5in.; Huggins, Boston Latin, fourth distance 8ft. 1in. Diving high jump—Won by I. T. Howe, English High, height 5ft. 3in.; the two runners, Boston Latin, and Benjamin Lewis, English High, at 4ft. 2in. D. Biforsky, English High, fourth.

Free man—2-10-12 The World's Greatest Fighter a Creator and Master of Endurance.

By Juli Jones, Jr.

George Dixon was the greatest fighting machine that ever climbed through the ropes of a ring. He was the greatest talent the fighting game ever had, winning the admiration of the white fans as well as those of his own race.

Before Dixon's time the little men under the lightweight limit did not attract very much attention, and received very poor pay for their work. Dixon came into the game fighting for \$25 and ended by demanding \$20,000 for one night's services. The above amount was paid to him at the Cape Cod Athletic Club when he fought Solly Smith.

Dixon made the public pay little more some attention, and he admonished his fellow-boxers to give strict attention to the game in order that they merit the attention the public would give. In this Dixon benefited the white fighters as well as those of his own race.

Dixon finished the work of Mullineux, Bob Draves, Prof. Bailey, Prof. Hadley, "Black Diamond" Woodson, C. C. Smith, George Chalmers, and others.

Dixon's ability as a fighter and his strict honesty made him a great favorite in the game and won for him the respect of the people as a gentleman in the ring as well as outside of it.

The game needs more Dixons if it is to continue as a great sport.

When I refer to white fans I mean the white men, as few colored men get to see fights of importance.

There are several good colored fighters, and the writer knows that they are men of good judgment and with some they have their first fight on record.

Fighting is the white man's pastime, and before the coming of George Dixon very few of them would think of allowing a colored man to participate in a ring contest. But Dixon's great career has changed this.

When Dixon was defeated by McGovern two large pictures were found in the Boston Herald—one of John L. Sullivan and the other George Dixon. The words of Harding appeared underneath the pictures, stating that these two men were the world's two greatest fighters. It will be remembered that both of these noted men came from Boston.

It can be said of Dixon and Sullivan that they were great credit to the game owing to their great abilities and their honesty. It is was to these men that the credit was given for fighters meeting in concert halls to settle the supremacy of their respective classes instead of fighting in barns as had previously been the case.

Boston loved these two men alike and knew no color line when praise was due either of them.

The names of Dixon and Sullivan will never die in the annals of pugilistic history.

George Dixon's honesty and fearless attitude convinced the white men that the colored man was some good as an entertainer with the gloves. When Dixon fell from his high perch of fame at the hands of Terry McGovern there was not that usual clamor of rejoicing at the Broadway Athletic Club, but sympathy seemed to cling to the little colored pugilist, and he received as many cheers as did McGovern as they climbed out of the ring after that memorable battle.

Dixon was well liked by his fellow-boxers regardless of color, and when the benefit was given for him in New York many headliner white boxers volunteered their services in behalf of the great little fighter who was down and out. The way the people were turned away on the night of Dixon's benefit show was amazing, and only demonstrated the high esteem with which the followers of the game had for George.

The greatest comment Dixon ever received was when the daily papers placed

him in a class with John L. Sullivan as a fighter who had uplifted the game.

It was Dixon who paved the way for such fighters as Peter Jackson, who never had a chance to show his worth as a fighter in California.

Dixon's success encouraged every other colored pugilist in the world. Every colored boy in this country loved him.

Dixon's success in the ring gave Bobby Fabbis a chance, and was the direct cause of Walcott being the great fighter he was.

It was Dixon's road show that brought the "Harlem Coffee Cooler," Frank Craig, once champion of England, and Fred Morris, the ex-champ, to the front.

Joe Gans made his debut as a boxer in one of Dixon's road shows in Baltimore. Colored boxers and fighters spring up like mushrooms when Dixon was in his prime, including the mighty Jack Johnson and Ike. Dixon's fairness attitude that never stood the colored American fighters in any way.

Dixon's road will show that he fought just as he did in New Orleans with no special consideration. He did not fight for the colored man, but for the man who would do anything to get a fight. He was a great fighter, and he was a great man.

never took unfair advantage of his opponent, never hit a foul blow, never played a ring trick, never promised anyone to let his opponent stay the limit, and never entered the ring only in the best condition, ready to do justice of the spectators who had paid their money to see a fight. He never wrangled over the weight question and was always agreeable in the selection of a referee. He once fought rank Ernie who was seven pounds overweight rather than disappoint the spectators, and refused to take the forfeit money of his opponent posted to make a required weight.

There is no ex-champion that can be classed with Dixon save John L. Sullivan. There are incidents in Dixon's career that have never been published, and if they have it has been only in small notes.

When Dixon began his professional career, after whipping every boy in Cambridge, Mass., he weighed only ninety-seven pounds. It was a hard matter for him to gain weight. He had not fought but a short time when he met Hank Brennan, a tough Irishman, of Boston. This Brennan outweighed Dixon about fifteen pounds, and certainly had the colored boy's goat for a long while. Brennan and Dixon fought three draws, and the fourth time the pair met Dixon whipped Brennan good and plenty. The colored boy improved every time he met Brennan, and finally succeeded in beating him at his own game.

Dixon's victory over Brennan drew the attention of Tom O'Rourke, who was once a fighter, and he saw the possible making of a champion in the little, skinny colored pugilist with so much grit and willingness. Dixon went right along knocking out every boy in New England regardless of weight, until the Boston papers commenced to give him attention. One writer came up to him, and said that there was not a man in the fighting business under the lightweight limit who could defeat the little boxer. This did bring many challenges from New York and other cities, and Dixon turned them up in less than ten minutes to tell it.

The great Hornbaker match was next arranged. Hornbaker was considered as invincible at 115 pounds and claimed to be the undisputed champion at that weight. In the fight Hornbaker took every advantage of Dixon's weight, etc. Dixon surprised the world by knocking Hornbaker out in the eighteenth round of the contest. The New York papers then said Dixon was the greatest piece of fighting machinery in the world. It was then that Tom O'Rourke joined the bantam and featherweight honors for Dixon. This brought about more trouble as Cal Mc-

Carthy, of Jersey City, N. J., laid claim to the featherweight honors that he had honestly won in both amateur and professional bouts. A match with McCarthy was easily made and was staged in Boston. Dixon ran up against a little proposition that no one had ever thought of. Some of Dixon's close friends, in talking of his greatness, kept on mentioning that Dixon did not weigh 100 pounds, until some reformer dug up an old law which said that no boy under 18 years of age should be permitted to engage in a boxing contest unless he weighed 105 pounds. To cheat the law Dixon had to weigh in at the ringside with lead in the bottom of shoes and succeeded in tipping the beam over the required weight. As soon as they weighed in the fight started, and it took Dixon's handlers five rounds before they could remove all the lead from his shoes. McCarthy took advantage of this handicap of the colored boy and came very near ending matters. Dixon did not get right until the fourteenth round on account of the lead in his shoes and the lack of ring experience, which had their effects. The battle, nevertheless, is down in the annals of pugilistic history as one of the greatest ever fought by two little men. The fight began 9:30 in the evening and lasted until the morning—seven hours of fighting amounting to seventy-eight rounds. Then the contest was decided a draw in order that the Boston morning papers could print the news of the fight. This battle did Dixon a world of good in every way. McCarthy never got over the fight, and the result was that the two little fellows were rematched to fight in Troy, N. Y., twenty rounds for a purse of \$20,000. Dixon won in something like the fourth round. He had picked up a world of experience and some extra weight.

Another incident in the career of George Dixon worth mentioning was his fight with Australian Billy Murphy at Providence, R. I., who was considered the best 112-pound man in the world. This fight was fixed so that Murphy could not be knocked out, and should Dixon look like a sure winner the doctor's wires were to be cut. In some manner the wire cutters got confused and did not get in their work until the referee had taken about ten minutes to count ten seconds.

Dixon's first tour of the country was no easy sailing. He wound up the trip by knocking out seventy-five men and boys and stopping about 100. None of them won the \$100 offered by staying the four rounds required. The shows brought out many good white and colored boys.

Dixon's second tour brought about a different difficulty in the way of the loaded glove. A four-year-old boy could knock out a heavy-weight with. All the dubs in the country bought these unfair gloves. As a rule O'Rourke would place two pairs of gloves in the ring for the strangers to pick from. This went all right during the first season, but the second season brought rumors that the opponents of the colored fighter would use their own gloves. Dixon soon found out the reason. After getting stung once by the loaded gloves, Dixon came to the conclusion that it was the best thing that had ever happened for the dubs, as it gave them confidence to use the loaded mitt. Thus armed with the loaded gloves, the aspirants for Dixon's \$100 offer to stay four rounds with him would come into the ring and fight, and as a result the little champion would make short work of all of them. Many an aspiring boxer, filled with confidence by the loaded glove, was put to sleep by the colored boy and awoke to find his friends telling him how it had happened.

Dixon had two goats—Sam Boland and Rosebud. Neither of these boys was a match for Dixon, yet he could not put them out. The Rosebud once came near putting George out. It was claimed that Dixon became careless for the first and last time with the Rosebud. Said Rosebud handed Dixon one wallop never to be forgotten. Rosebud lived in ease about Philadelphia on the reputation of having almost put the great Dixon out of the running. It was an honor alright, but he never received mention in the press.

The great fighter died with almost no money at all, although he had earned large sums. How many men have done the same thing and left a mark behind them that millions could not buy—not even a spot in their professional careers. This can truly be said of George Dixon:

Died a pauper, buried like a king;
Let George Dixon's name forever ring.
CABLE A DOUBLE WINNER

Theodore Cable Star of the Day in the Harvard and Yale Annual Dual Track and Field Meet.

By Julius N. Avendorph.

What was expected to be the greatest of all the annual dual track and field meetings between Harvard and Yale on Saturday afternoon, May 18, proved to be, no doubt, the greatest disappointment. It had been predicted by the wise ones that it would be the closest and with the possible exception of the hammer throwing Yale was a strong favorite, and if the truth was known, there was a doubt on the part of Yales followers as to whether Cable could repeat his performance of the previous Saturday, but contrary to all predictions or doubts, he not only repeated his brilliant performance, in hammer throwing, but he won the running broad jump. Here is what the Boston Sunday Herald of May 19 says: "Harvard men surprised their most ardent admirers for the jumping of A. W. Mofat and Theodore Cable in the running high and running broad jumps respectively was not looked for. Mofat cleared 6 feet 2 inches, and in an attempt to beat the dual meet record of 6 feet 2½ inches, held by R. C. Springfield, Ill., 31 years of age. Mr. Bradford, who is the first and only colored aviator in America, and who is numbered among some of the most eminent bird men in existence, has signed with the Mills Aviators Company, of Masonic Temple, Chicago, to make a series of aerobatic flights during the spring and summer season. His contract will begin about the 15th of April, and during the time intervening between the date mentioned and October 1 he will probably make a few balloon ascensions incidental to his greater and more daring feats of aviation in a monstrous aeroplane. In speaking of Mr. Bradford's fearless bravery, he is the only aeronaut who ever did a double parachute leap from a cannon, and his many thrilling balloon ascensions through the English Provinces and on his return through the State of Wisconsin were featured attractions that drew marvelous crowds of curious and excited people. Mr. Bradford's salary will average from \$150 to \$300 for each ascension, according to the proportions of each occasion. Aside from this he will get 15 per cent of the gross receipts, including all expenses, and the services of one mechanic and one assistant."

Merwin of Yale since 1897, he failed by 6 feet 2 inches. Cable's jumping especially in the final round, after he had been throwing the hammer, was remarkable. He had made 21 feet 8½ inches in the trials, but in the finals he leaped 22 feet 8¾ inches on his first try, and on his second he went that mark an inch and a half better. He fouled on his third try. Cable was the star athlete of the day, winning the hammer throw with a heave of 154.77 feet. He was the only double winner. The 120 yards high hurdles race, in which A. L. Jackson was a contestant and from whom great things was expected, was won by Larkin of Yale while Cummings was second and Jackson third. In the low barriers, it was the same quartet, with the exception of Larkin, Platt, being the Yale man, but Cummings won with Jackson second. Jackson had the misfortune to pull a tendon and had to be carried off the field, thereby losing his chances to compete in the intercollegiate championships, which will be a great loss

to Harvard."

Incidentally I want to make mention of the interscholastic track meet held at New Haven on Saturday, May 18, which brought together all the leading "prep" schools of New England and around New York and Philadelphia. Exeter carried off the honors but as usual our colors was there in the person of H. Drew, of Springfield, Mass., High who won the 100-yard dash in 10s., which is exceptionally fast for youngsters. It is, in my opinion, a fine thing that a few of our young men are still fighting for and making good in the athletic world, as I still contend that it gives them better chances.



Fred Lawrence Bradford, who has recently distinguished himself as an aeronaut and aviator, elsewhere in America, and through the Dominion of Canada, including British Columbia, is a native of Springfield, Ill., 31 years of age. Mr. Bradford, who is the first and only colored aviator in America, and who is numbered among some of the most eminent bird men in existence, has signed with the Mills Aviators Company, of Masonic Temple, Chicago, to make a series of aerobatic flights during the spring and summer season. His contract will begin about the 15th of April, and during the time intervening between the date mentioned and October 1 he will probably make a few balloon ascensions incidental to his greater and more daring feats of aviation in a monstrous aeroplane. In speaking of Mr. Bradford's fearless bravery, he is the only aeronaut who ever did a double parachute leap from a cannon, and his many thrilling balloon ascensions through the English Provinces and on his return through the State of Wisconsin were featured attractions that drew marvelous crowds of curious and excited people. Mr. Bradford's salary will average from \$150 to \$300 for each ascension, according to the proportions of each occasion. Aside from this he will get 15 per cent of the gross receipts, including all expenses, and the services of one mechanic and one assistant.

DREW EQUALS WORLD RECORD

In the games of the Bradhurst Field Club at the Twenty-second Regiment Armory, Saturday night, December 7, Howard P. Drew, representing the Springfield high school, Springfield, Mass., running from the back mark equaled the world's record of 7 1-5 seconds for the 70 yard dash. 12-2-12

owed as much as seventeen yards handicap, but though Drew worked hard in the trial and semi-final heats, he came through and smothered the men furthest in front before the distance was half covered.

The record of 7 1-5 seconds for this distance was first set by William Shick, Harvard University, and is held also by J. J. Archer and Bobby Claughton.

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT!
N.Y. Age 2-13-12
Wholesale Release of Players in Cuba

News has reached New York of the wholesale release of colored ball players hailing from the United States by the management of the Fe Club of the Cuban National League, which occurred several days ago in Havana. Those figuring in the "grand bounce" act were "Rube" Foster, manager of the Chicago American Giants; Pitcher Dougherty, First Baseman Grant, Catcher Pierce, Second Baseman Barber, all of the American Giants; Wat-lace, captain of the St. Louis Giants; Catcher Santop, of the Lincoln Giants, and Sol White, the "Grand Old Man" of organized colored baseball. The places of the released men were filled by Cuban players.

When the Cuban National League opened in December the players who are seen in the United States during the summer on the Cuban Stars refused to play because the club owners wanted to pay them a salary instead of permitting all players to figure in the gate receipts, as had been the custom.

Finding the Cubans unwilling to play the management of the Fe Club sent to the United States for colored players, and some of the leading colored players in this country responded to the call. The league opened with the players from the United States on the Fe team, and everything was running smoothly when the striking Cubans announced that they were willing to abide by the new rules made by the club owners and asked to be given a chance to play in the league. Then the release of players from the United States took place.

"Rube" Foster, who passed through New York on his way to Chicago, and in talking to the sporting editor of The Age about the release of the players from the United States, declared that the Cubans had done the released men a rank injustice, as they had gone to Cuba at the solicitation of the Cuban club owners and had been promised work for a certain length of time.

Drew Again Victorious.
Stuyvesant High School held its eighth annual indoor games Saturday night in the armory of the Seventy-first Regiment. A seventy-yard dash handicap, especially arranged for members of the A. A. U. was the star feature of the evening, Howard P. Drew, national champion, and Alvah T. Meyer metropolitan champion, being among the contestants.

Drew allowed Meyer a two-yards start, but overhauled him in the first ten yards. At the finish he drew ahead and won by a foot, in the fast time of 7 2-5 seconds.

THE AMERICAN GIANTS, CHAMPIONS—IN LOS ANGELES, CAL.

(By Rube Foster.)

Special to THE FREEMAN.
The American Giants, undisputed colored champions of the world reached Los Angeles, Cal., where they hold a franchise in the California Winter League, on October 14, opening in Los Angeles Friday, November 1, 1912. The league is composed of four clubs McCormicks, of Los Angeles; Tuft Lyons, of Pasadena; San Diego and American Giants, of Chicago. The lineup of the three white clubs is composed of men off of every big league and minor league club in the world. Such players as Meyers, catcher, and Snodgrass, center fielder, and Shofer, short stop, of the New York Giants; Olson, of Cleveland; Hall, of Boston; Altizer, Cravath, Smith, Easterly, Carish and California league players, not a semi-pro player will be in any of the line-ups. The American Giants have Barber, right field; Hill, center field; Duncan, left field; Taylor, third base; Pierce, first base and catcher; Monroe, second base; Petway, catcher; Hutchison, short stop; Foster, Dougherty, Lindsay, Johnson and Gatewood, pitchers; Parks, utility infielder. The Giants were met at the station with a band and over 2,000 of the citizens of Los Angeles. The mayor of Los Angeles and Vernon will throw out the first ball on opening day, November 1. There will be an automobile parade and there will be two bands. In three games played before the opening of the league season by the American Giants they have won all, and the fans are wild over the team. On Sunday, October 20, the Giants defeated the All-Natives of California, composed of all league players living in California, as follows:

R.H.E.
Giants 0 0 0 1 0 5 1 0 0—7 14 2
Natives 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—1 3 0
Batteries—Dougherty and Petway; Klowater and Smith.

The score in the other games was as follows:

R.H.E.
Giants 6 5 1 0 0 0 3 0 0—14 20 0
H Franks 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 2 2
Batteries—Lindsay and Petway; Pina, Hitt, Moore, Brown.

R.H.E.
L A Giants 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 7 5
Giants 0 3 4 0 6 0 6 0 2—21 27 0
Batteries—Foster, Johnson, Gatewood, Petway; Pierce, Kyle, Langford, Pettus.

Duncan and Borker got twelve hits each in three games. Hill, Pierce, Taylor, Dougherty, Monroe, Duncan and Borker each hit for home runs.

Watch the Freeman for all the games played in the California Winter league.



THE NEGRO IN ALL-AROUND SPORTS HAS GONE BACK SO FAR THAT IT'S A DOUBT IF HE EVER CAN COME BACK

(By Juli Jones, Jr.)

The colored man has shown in the last two or three years that he has gone back 50 per cent. as a prize fighter, race rider, baseball player and all-around athlete. The above statement might sound ridiculous if not backed up with facts, which can plainly be seen by all fair-minded readers. It is not the writer's intention to discredit the good work of heroes of the past.

First, we will deal with the fighters who have made the greatest showing. History of the ring will show that the Negro has held the championship in every class from bantam to the heavy-weight, undisputed. This is a wonderful showing for the colored man. Geo. Dixon was the leader and pathfinder, and also the creator for the demand for colored fighters, not discrediting the good work that George Godfrey did through his manly way of fighting. Dixon as a leader was champion of the bantams and featherweights, and Joe Gans champion of the lightweights and welterweights; but also Wolcott defeated Tom Tract, of Australia, for the welterweight championship, and he was the best man of that class.

There never was but one chance for the colored man to fight for the middle-weight championship, and he was defeated by Frank Croig, the Harlan "Coffee Cooler," who was defeated by Tommy Ryan for the title. Joe Wolcott was by far the best man at the time, as Bob Fitzsimmons had quit the middles for the heavies.

It was a question with many of the best authorities of the sport whether Fitz could knock out Wolcott in those days.

As for Langford, there is not a single doubt that he could have defeated Stanley Ketchell; and this about ends the case of the middles.

As to the heavies, Jack Johnson is champion. No doubt hanging to the crown, it would be unfair to elase the fighters' argument without giving other fighters their due share of respect, especially the heavyweight class. It was the only class that goes with dis-

inction, and the only one in which the colored fighters had a chance at the title; and the lot fell to Jack Johnson. I do not claim that other heavies could not have won it, had they had the chance. But it must be kept in mind that it is a game like all others and has many surprises, and sometimes the unexpected happens. One can not tell what a man can do if he has never had a chance.

One reason that a colored man could have no chance was that John L. Sullivan, who held the title for years, refused to even talk fight with a black man. But we must give the colored fighters credit who helped make the game what it is and paved the way for Jack Johnson. Some of these were Professor Hadley, C. C. Smith, Henry Woodson, the black demon, George Godfrey, Hank Griffin and Peter Jackson, all credits to the name of fair fighting.

This article would not be complete without mention of other good men, as Fufus Turner, Charles Turner, Bobby Dobbs, Fred Morris, Pick Hill, Harry Lyons, Jerry Marshall, Young Peter Jackson, Jack Blackburn, Joe Jeanette, Sam McVey and numerous others, all with championship ability, but with no chance at the titles of their respective weights.

Now let us look into the future. It is an evident fact that there is not a prospect anywhere looming up for any championship honors. There is plenty of money in the game.

We have feathers, bantams, lights, welters and middles. We have four heavies—Johnson, Langford, Jeannotte and McVey. With the passing of this quartet it appears that the colored man has reached the end of ring fighting.

The Negro as a Race Rider and Trainer Has Been Wiped Off the Map.

In writing about the Negro race riders and trainers, it is enough to say that it brings tears to the eyes of all race-loving men and women to think that they led off with the biggest lead to success of any in this branch of professional life. It is just as well to say right here that financial success was the colored man's flat failure on the turf. He led and made the sport of kings in this country—the country led the world. Hardly had the smoke of the civil war cleared away that the whole country was talking about the skill of Free Tom's ridiny and Uncle Aonson's horse training ability. Then

followed another sensation, Ed Brown, better known as Brown Dick. Next Billy Walker, the rider of Ten Brook, and other good riders developed later.

The country went wild over the success of the Negro on the turf. The best country was the South and Middle West. Their appearance in the East always brought about a rivalry between East and West that cost Eastern turfmen millions of dollars and broken hearts. The Eastern turf was at a loss to know how to overcome the lead that the South and West held over it. Such men as P. Liolrand, Weathers, Hunter, Keene commence to import blooded horses, trainers and jockeys from England and put them in the West. During the excitement Isaac Murphy appeared on the scene, who stands today the greatest of all riders.

There were plenty of star riders—Allen Douglass, Stoval Henderson and others. Prosperity and social recognition came to the colored riders and the trainers. Lexington, Ky., became the center for all colored horsemen. This city of the blue grass region looked to be the place that one could pick out as the city where colored people owned more good real estate than any other five cities combined.

After years of success for the colored riders and failure of the English riders made the Eastern horsemen look to the Eastern-colored boys to even up matters with the West. After a short trial they turned out three world beaters—Spider Anderson, Andy Hamilton and Willie Simms. In Simms America found the key to the English racing situation. It was once thought that it was a matter of impossibility for an American horse or rider to win a race in England. The reason given was that the horses did not travel well and did not get acquainted with the country. As to the riders it was said that the style of riding different courses kept the American riders from winning races. They pointed out our great race horse, Eole; and Billy Donahue could not win a race in England. Then it was that Mike Dwyer and Willie Sims put all such foolishness out of their minds. As Simms' first success was on Euteegallalee, his win received front-page mention in all American, English and French newspapers. Simms continued to win on Harry Reed's "Banquet" and others. These horses were only ordinary in this country, but our Simms showed up the whole of England as race riders, it being to Simms' credit that Tod Slone and others had invaded England with great success.

Coming back to the American turf, from 1880 to 1900 the colored man ruled supreme. It would not be exaggerating to say that the colored riders and trainers took 10,000,000 from the turf in twenty years. Today it would be hard for them to show 20,000. A few good judges contribute their failure to some of their money and lack of education. That excuse won't hold good. Take the colored horseman and the white horseman; they both started without a dollar. Today the colored man is out of the business without a dollar or anything to show for his

work. Still the game goes on, and the white man who hung on, today can show millions of dollars worth of property in Long Island, Kentucky and New Jersey, etc.

In states where horsemen own big property, they were twenty years ago rubbing down horses for 20 per month.



It is an absolute fact that what the white man of America knows about a horse he learned it from the Negro. Today this same white man doesn't desire the Negro on the rack track, except for the low-grade of work.

The few white men who liked the Negro contribute his failure to fast living. But to sum it all up, the colored man is out of the business.

Let us see what some of the leading riders and trainers made during their campaign on the turf: Brown Dick, \$250,000, as rider, trainer and owner; Billy Walker, \$200,000, as rider, trainer and owner; Bob Campbell, \$150,000; Andrew Thompson, \$100,000; Albert Cooper, \$100,000; Frank Taylor, \$100,000; George Holt, trainer, \$50,000; Bill Bird, \$50,000; Abe Penny, \$50,000; J. Clay, \$50,000; Cresendo John, \$50,000; Louis Thompson, \$50,000; Ralph Colston, \$150,000. There were about one hundred trainers who rank in the \$30,000 class. The above estimate is not overrating.

As to jockeys, Willie Simms made more money than Isaac Murphy. The earnings of Simms are approximated at better than \$300,000; Isaac Murphy, \$250,000; Andrew Hamilton, \$200,000; Pike Bains, \$150,000; Williams, \$100,000; Spider Anderson, \$100,000; Monk Overton, \$100,000; Harry Ray, \$100,000; Clayton Brothers, Al Lon Rob Winkfield, \$100,000; J. Chorn, \$100,000. There were one hundred or more colored riders who made \$30,000 or more in the saddle.

There were other followers of the turf who made big money. Charles Jordan was the biggest colored operator known in this country, and he made and spent \$500,000. Paris Archer, the bookmaker helper, earned

\$300,000; Senator Bell, \$100,000; John Barber, \$300,000; Sam Merrell, \$200,000; Hoggie Shields, \$100,000. Many others ranged from \$250,000 to \$750,000.

The eyes of the sporting world were opened to the Negro's strength on the turf. Until the great killing at Moni Park, New York, in the '90s, it was reported that the black trust carried \$3,000,000 out of the betting and pool rooms around New York. The horses that won out of that race, five were owned and trained by Negroes and rode by Negro riders.

Now to come back to the present time, the rising generation has lost its interest. It can be said that the Negro when he was in favor on the turf opened more doors to colored men than any other set of colored men in the world.

The colored baseball player has also made a horrible showing. He has simply done nothing, and his future looks as if he will be "jim-crowed" until he eventually gives up. He can blame no one but himself. He has not worked and he has not tried. He has stood for bad management. He has not lived up to the rules or any part of them. His discipline on and off the field has been his downfall. The facts are very plainly in front of you and the baseball player, and neither can doubt it.

First, from the authority of Bud Fowler, the greatest ball player that ever walked on the diamond, says the Negro began with the birth of the game. At that time it was a pastime, but today it is one of the biggest paying professions in the world.

There are white ball players and managers drawing \$10,000 to \$25,000 a year for seven months' work. Of the colored ball players there is not five who can demand \$2,000 for the same length of time.

One would ask why it is that the colored ball player does not do as well as the white player. The answer is that it is his color, and this is well said; but let us go into the fact. History of baseball will show that colored men played important parts in baseball in the eighties. Most notable of these was Frank Grant, who played on the Buffalo champion club as second base. At the time was the best baseball player in professional baseball.

Had Grant been an unassuming and quiet fellow, averse to fire water, the story might run different, but he was not.

Stovie and Walker next appeared on the scene as the black battery for the Newark (N. J.) team. This battery was considered the best in the minor league. Two finer players in Gotham never wore a baseball uniform than these. Their work was gilded, but they could not overcome the sentiment that the white players had for Grant. The next bulletin read, "No colored ball players on white teams." The colored players gave up hope of ever playing on any white team.

Then came another ray of hope when the Cuban Giants started the country as colored baseball professionals. The white ball player had his

ships to make a future for the game. After the success of the Cuban Giants there came the Cuban Ex-Giants, Philadelphia Giants—well, all colored clubs in America, except one, were named "Giants." Each club was fighting the other one, and this one thing is what killed the colored ball player. The best players did to suit themselves, and jumped from club to club, regardless of contract. There were enough players to make about three or four good teams, but they split up and had about twenty. Their discipline on the field was bad, because they wanted to fight all the time. Off the field the majority of players were good fellows, but they gave no encouragement to the young men who wished to break into the game.

The public has a little faith in any kind of an athlete whom they know to be a good-time fellow.

Take Chicago, for example. It is the one city in the United States that has given the Negro ball player the chance of his life to make good. The entire press of Chicago was with the Leland Giants, the club that jumped into prominence by its great showing against other strong clubs in the country.

The daily papers and the public of Chicago demanded a game for this club with the Chicago Cubs of the National League. The games were put on and the Cubs won all three, the Leland Giants making a very poor showing. This can be blamed to incompetent management and lack of baseball sense. The Leland Giants were shot to pieces at the time and went against the Cubs with a picked team, with no earthly chance of winning. This showing up ended the colored baseball player's chance of ever getting another series with Chicago.

Looking over the situation, the colored baseball player or their managers have made a big mistake in giving up all hope of getting recognition from the white clubs and leagues.

First, the world wants winners. If the colored ball players of this country had combined and worked out an invincible team, and today the public would be demanding the champions of the major leagues to play the champions of the Negro race. No matter what your color may be, if you are the best, the public wants to see you perform. This fact is not confined to baseball alone, but to all other sports as well.

The public paid George Dixon thousands of dollars to see him perform; the same to see Lewis, the great football player; to Major Taylor, to see him ride; the same to see Jack Johnson; to see Taylor, the great Marathon runner; and paying nightly to see Bert Williams, the great American Negro actor.

There is no reason for the colored man becoming discouraged and dropping out of all lines of sports. There are still left millions of dollars and fame for those who can deliver the goods.

As a whole the colored athlete has

gone back 50 per cent., unless young blood takes interest. The Negro race will soon drop out of the limelight if it is not up and doing.

This article is not intended to discourage or "roast" the colored man for his lack of interest, but, instead, to encourage the rising generation to greater things.

Body Feinting Factor in Success of Champion Jack Johnson in Ring.

Mr. Claw By WALTER H. ECKERSALL. 2-4-12

With Jack Johnson reigning supreme in the heavyweight pugilistic ranks, it is interesting to note a feature of his boxing which he admits he does unconsciously. Johnson is a natural fighter. He does things which are second nature to him, and if a person asks him the reasons for some of his actions in the ring he is unable to make a satisfactory explanation.

Johnson is the third negro fighter who has mastered the body feint, now acknowledged by teachers and critics of pugilism to be double the value of the arm feint. George Dixon was the first negro to master the art of body feinting. Old timers assert Dixon would scare opponents by moving a muscle in one of his shoulders, at the same time being in position to land telling punches. After Dixon came the grand old master, Joe Gans, and to his body feinting was due much of his success.

Bob Fitzsimmons was the pioneer in the art of feinting with shoulders or body to draw an opponent into a dangerous position. Tommy White then came along and won many hard battles by the ruse. Harry Forbes was next, and now Willie Ritchie, the promising lightweight from the coast, is developing the trick which is natural to him.

Harry Gilmore Sr., veteran boxing instructor, was among the first of the old school to see the great advantage of the body feint over the arm feint, and in his daily instruction he is teaching the art of feinting with the body.

Although body feinting is just coming into general favor in pugilism, it long has been a secret of success in such sports as soccer, football, hockey, lacrosse, college football, baseball, and basketball. One of the first things a candidate for a college football team must learn is to feint an opponent into thinking he will go one way and then go the other. It is the most successful dodge known to a gridiron game and every coach of known ability sees to it that every member of the team has mastered the art. The linemen are put to the test every day, for no one can tell when a lineman may recover the ball on a fumble and have an opportunity to dodge a man in the backfield.

In baseball body feinting is becoming more of a factor. Take a base runner, for instance. Many times he can cause a "pitch out" by making a movement with his body

as if he were going to steal as the pitcher is winding up. Some umpires allow pitchers to move one of their shoulders as if to throw to a base when they are about to pitch. Baserunners often feint with their bodies to hold runners close to the bags and in many other ways the body feint is one of the most important tricks of the national pastime.

Hockey and lacrosse also are games in which players who can feint with their bodies are valuable. In both games most of the faking is done with the hips, but the shoulders also play an important part. In soccer football hip feinting is used principally, although shoulder faking is used a great deal. Basketball is still another game in which coaches demand that candidates master body feinting.

Although James J. Corbett is considered by many to be about the cleverest heavyweight who ever drew on a glove, it is doubtful if he had anything on Johnson. Aside from being a clever fighter Johnson is a puncher, while Corbett was not. The negro champion is a combination of boxer and fighter and although a big man, he can box with any of the clever lightweights.

Old timers who have seen Fitzsimmons, White, Forbes, Ritchie, Dixon, and Gans in action claim that Johnson has mastered the body feint to a greater degree than any of them. When Johnson feints with his body he always is in a position to deliver stinging blows with either hand. Ordinarily a fighter who feints with his left hand depends on his right for the telling smash, but such boxers are not in positions to land stinging blows with their left hands.

Johnson admits that body feinting is natural with him. He asserted he has done it ever since he started to fight and he claims he has won many fights through his ability to draw opponents into positions to land sleep producers by means of the body feint. He said he had Jeffries stepping sideways every time he moved one of his shoulders.

The negro champion is of the opinion that all fighters should learn to feint with their bodies and it is one of the first things a boxer should master if he entertains champion aspirations. Johnson attributes most of his success to body feinting, but he said he never had to learn the art. Like a lot of other things, he does it unconsciously and he is considered the most expert body feinter in the game.

Sports - 1912.

Theodore Cabel, an Indianapolis colored boy, is going big as an athletic star at Harvard University. He is attracting general attention throughout the country. Current comment is as follows:

Will Harvard elect a Negro the next captain of her varsity track team? Theodore Cabel, the university's foremost hammer thrower and all-around athlete, is the logical selection for 1913. He is an Indianapolis boy and graduated at Shortridge High School. He is by far the best athlete on the team, and his grand work all the present season would certainly have earned for him the position hands-down had he been white.

As Harvard has a Japanese baseball manager, a Negro track leader would not seem too far-fetched as one would imagine. If Cabel fails to land the position, it will probably fall to J. B. Cummings, a hurdler who has been out of condition all season.

Cabel attended Shortridge High School and graduated in 1910. He sprang to

the front in athletics when he first attended Harvard, and it was not long until he was recognized as one of the best athletes on the Harvard field. When a team was selected to compete against Oxford and Cambridge teams at Oxford, England, more than a year ago, Cabel was one of the members selected. As a Shortridge student, Cabel apparently was not greatly interested in athletics.

Suppose young Cabel would turn his attention to the prize fighting ring. I am satisfied that his goodly parents would throw up their hands in holy horror at the bare suggestion. And yet he is developing into a modern Hercules. He seems to be smashing records of various kinds, and now seems to await some new field for triumph. If the young man should turn to the ring, it would settle perhaps for all time some vexed physical questions.

There are those who maintain that downright brute strength, and of course with some show of training and direction, will put to route science and art. When Corbett triumphed, it was held a victory of brain over the mere brute in man. When Corbett was whipped, it was said that the ring was no place for a gentleman. Young Cabel is bright intellectually. Does it help him physically over another man of equal weight and equal training? Does his personality enter into it, giving insight to advantages that the "obtuse" man could not see? He is also built up in the shoulders and neck—a pile-driving appearing specimen of humanity. With his superior knowledge and reasonable training, can he overtop Jack Johnson? Is it not reasonable to think that, since he stands at the head of the athletic business, that he could also master pugilism. I do not know young Cabel's weight, but think he is between 180 and 190 pounds, judging by his size when last seen in Indianapolis. He weighed at that time about 165 or 170 pounds.

It is not thought that Cabel thinks of the ring; nevertheless, he would make a good one, and in the meanwhile demonstrate what advantage muscle plus superior brain has over muscle and the average brain.

DREW A WINNER The Baltimore time IN PHILADELPHIA.

Howard P. Drew, the Springfield schoolboy who was sent to Stockholm to compete in the recent Olympiad and who was prevented by injuries from entering the finals won, on Saturday September 21, a beautiful

and closely contested race on Forbes Field in Pittsburgh. It was the 100 yard dash which young Drew won in the classic time of 10 seconds flat.

Anyone who negotiates 100 yards in 10 seconds, qualifies for a trial with the world's best. Admirers expect Mr. Drew to do better than this and to establish a new world's record.

T. Meyer of the Irish American Club and R. Carroll of the Pittsburgh A. A. forced Drew to do some tall stepping to win.

Negro Boys Win School Races.

Before a crowd of eight thousand people who thronged Madison Square Garden Saturday afternoon, December 28, and competing with 1,200 pupils from all the public schools of Greater New York in the tenth annual championship games of the Public Schools Athletic League, two Negro boys, brothers, W. J. Brown and R. Brown, proved their physical superiority by winning the 70-yard dash and 100-yard dash respectively. These boys attend Public School No. 5, Manhattan.

The 70-yard dash was limited to boys of 115 pounds, and W. J. Brown won this race in spread eagle style over his opponents.

In the 100-yard dash, unlimited weight, R. Brown had to extend himself to win from H. Reed, who attends Public School No. 165.

Among the notable persons present were Gen. George H. Wingate, head of the Public Schools Athletic League; Dr. Joseph E. Raveroff, Princeton; Dr. George W. Eller, Wisconsin; Dr. R. T. McKenzie, University of Pennsylvania; Dr. Sargent, Harvard; Frank Castleman, University of Colorado; Charles H. Mapes, Columbia, and Dr. McCurdy, Springfield Training School.

CABEL WINS INTERCOLLEGIATE HAMMER THROW

COLORÉD STUDENT AT HARVARD MAKES LONGEST THROW EXCEPT ONE EVER BY COLLEGES OF THE UNITED STATES—NEARLY EQUALS BEST THROW EVER—QUARTER-MILE RECORD HELD BY COLORED RUNNER IS BEATEN.

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LINCOLNS SHUT OUT YANKEES.

Hal Chase and his team known as the All Stars, which really represented the New York Yankees of the American League, with but few exceptions, met a similar fate as the New York Giants Tuesday afternoon at Olympic Field, when the Lincoln Giants shut out the white professionals; score, 6 to 0.

"Cyclone" Williams again did the slab work for the Lincoln Giants, and Chase and his men could do nothing with the colored pitcher's curves. They secured but four hits. The Lincoln Giants found Chalmers, one of the crack pitchers of the Philadelphia Nationals, for seven timely hits. Tuesday afternoon's game probably marks the last baseball contest in New York this season. The score:

	R.	H.	E.
Lincoln Giants	6	7	2
Chase's Stars	0	4	3

Batteries—Williams and Booker; Chalmers, Chase and Tee.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Special.—The great Kentucky classic is over and a number of people have returned home, many of them with holes in their pockets. In spite of the downpour of rain, thousands of people flocked to the race course to see the great Derby race. Before the bugle sounded for the first of the seats were taken in the grand stands while in the field every spot seemed to be occupied. The sights and amusing things to be seen at a Kentucky Derby are never forgotten by a visitor. The shouts as they circulate through the crowds, each one declaring that he has a tip direct from the stable to see the fine thoroughbreds as they prance up and down the track, and to notice the fine dresses worn by the ladies, is well worth the price of admission. The colored face on the course is almost a song of the past. The days of Abe Perry, Raleigh Colston, Uncle Eli, Brown Dick, Isaac Murphy, Bonnie Clayton, John Stoval, Pike Barnes, Tommy Britton, Andy Hamilton, Willie Simms, Soup Perkins, Monk Overton and many others are now counted as pleasant reminiscences of bygone days, when men used to run their horses for sport's sake and not for graft. The first Kentucky Derby was won by Lewis on Aristides, in 1875. Twelve colored jockeys have won this great race. The

great Isaac Murphy won the Derby three different times. The third Derby was won by William Walker, on Baden Baden, in 1877. Walker is yet identified with the turf. He lives at Brook and Breckinridge, in this city. The 1912 Derby was won by Worth, ridden by Frank Taylor. Even though thousands of people flock to the famous old course, there is a lack of the old-time enthusiasm.

CHICAGO GIANTS WIN.

Get Pennant in the California Winter League Games.

The Winter League is no more. The last league games were played recently at Vernon. The Giants won from the San Diego aggregation by scores of 16 to 1 and 4 to 1.

Lindsay twirled great ball for the winners in the first game, allowing two safe bingles. The second game was a farce, as the Giants pounded the San Diego slabsters' offerings to all corners of the lot. Several of the enterprising Giants were not satisfied with this, and so proceeded to pound the ball out of the lot, four home runs resulting.

The Giants have won the league pennant. They will now journey to San Diego, where a fifteen-game schedule will be played out with Palmer's aggregation of stars.

The summaries of the two games:

	R.	H.	E.
First game—			
San Diego	0	0	0
Giants	16	4	1

Batteries—Schultz and Carisch; Lindsay and Pitway.

	R.	H.	E.
Second game—			
San Diego	1	3	3
Giants	6	7	2

Batteries—Ryan, McCafferty and Carisch; Dougherty and Petway.

Only Four Negro Official Interpreters of Football Rules.

After a period of over two years of consideration, the Central Board of Officials of the Foot Ball Rules Committee of the United States has appointed four colored men on the list of qualified officials whose names will appear in the limited list published in the Foot-Ball Annual. Garnet C. Wilkinson, teacher at the M street high school, is perhaps the best-known colored official in these parts. As coach of the M street high school football team he has developed many stars who have made careers on the gridirons of the larger colleges after leaving this school. Merton P. Robinson has taught and coached football and other branches of athletics at several colleges and high schools. A. Kiger Savoy, a teacher in the Washington public schools, has served capably on the gridiron. Edwin B. Henderson, physical director of the colored high schools of Washington, received his training at the Harvard Summer School of Physical Training, where football theory and practice is a strong course, and where the leading football experts of the country often get together.

These four gentlemen are the only men of the race in the country whose work has entitled them to the distinction noted. There are some coaches and players who are fitted for official work, but have not yet met all the requirements for official recognition.

The Central Board of Football Officials, who passed on the qualifications of Messrs. Wilkinson, Henderson, Savoy and Robinson, is made up of L. M. Dennis, of Cornell University; Walter Camp, of Yale University; Parke Davis, of Princeton University; Cranford Blagden and Chairman James A. Babbitt, of Haverford College.

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Fair Play for Jack Johnson in New York.

Speaking on the pugilistic situation, R. L. Goldberg of the Evening Mail drops the following gems of thought:

The elements seem to be conspiring against the fight fan.

The white hope question has been

dragged around on the floor so long that it cannot be recognized by its own mother. Just as the old Jeffries problem worked itself into a class with the "Merry Widow" waltz as an epidemic, so the white hope enigma is about to be enrolled in the medical books among the long list of contagious diseases.

Now that Madison Square Garden has been taken back into the fold as a fight arena, the logical man to appear upon the festive scene is Jack Johnson. Whether they want him to retain or lose the championship, the boxing enthusiasts are desirous of having some kind of a showdown on the white hope thing.

The great mystery lies in the fact that Johnson has not had a real battle since he came into the title. He may be just as fast and strong as he ever was, and he may be hobbling about on a crutch, clamoring for admission into the almshouse.

The idea is simply this: Johnson owes it to himself, his tailor and the rest of us to appear in a real fight with a white man or a man of his own color, because—well, just because he owes it to us.

He can get more money in New York for a short battle than any place else in the world. There is no reason why his color should interfere with his local booking, as long as everything is handled in a legitimate, orderly way.

The Boxing Commission should not fear that Johnson will murder his opponent. A few white hopes more or less don't matter.

Johnson cannot be dismissed from the fight stage with a few harsh words. He is the heavyweight champion. But if the sports are anxious to see the title go to a white man, they should leave every avenue open for Johnson to fight his way into defeat—which he must do in time.

So say all of us who are not dangerously inoculated with the color prejudice germ and who want to see fair play. Since Johnson has been champion heavyweight of the world, his conduct, at times, has not been such as to entitle him to a rising vote of thanks from the members of his race, but it is feared that boxing officials in New York City and elsewhere are carrying their prejudices too far.

Those in control of the boxing game in Manhattan are evincing everything but a sportsmanlike spirit when they seek to keep Johnson from boxing in New York. That they are filled with grave apprehensions that if some white (the white hope) will be performing a heroic and an altogether hopeless task is apparent; but when does the Caucasian ever expect to regain the heavyweight championship if some of the white hopes do not bravely sacrifice themselves in the fistie arena and become heroes of destiny? Let Mr. "Bat" Masterson of the Morning Telegraph and other fair-minded white writers speak up.

Athletic Achievements of Negro in 1912.

To the Sporting Editor of The Age:

No record of the events of interest to the Negro race for the year 1912 would be complete without some reference being made to the noteworthy deeds which he performed in the athletic world. A brief resume of the leading factors in the professional and collegiate circles would not be altogether out of place at this time. The first name that comes to my mind is that of Howard P. Drew of Springfield, Mass. This lad unquestionably did more to raise the standard of colored athletes than any other in active competition to-day.

Drew is a member of the Springfield High School track team and has also run under the colors of the B. A. A., thus having the benefit of scholastic as well as amateur training. Drew gained his first prominence in a dual meet between Springfield High and Rice Powder Point School when he and Rice ran a dead heat in 94-5 seconds. This was discredited by many athletes but was the accepted time of three different time-keepers at that meet. Drew was then entered for the Eastern tryouts for the American Olympic team which was held at the Harvard Stadium on June 8. Many of the country's best runners were pitted in this contest and those winning places were compelled to work their hardest. Drew was entered against Ralph Craig, the holder of the

the varsity track team and is considered the equal of Cummins in the 220-yard hurdles. Taking all things into consideration we have no need to feel deeply dejected. We have the makings of real champions on the cinder path and can reasonably expect them to come to the front in the due course of events.

J. WELLINGTON WILLARD,
Newport, R. I.

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

New York Giants Withdraw from Game

The spectacle of white baseball fans trying to mob members of the New York Giants for withdrawing from a game with the Smart Set, a colored team, at the Polo Grounds, Paterson, N. J., Sunday afternoon. There were no differences of opinions between the colored and white players, but the white umpire and the members of the Giants and the spectators could not agree.

The Smart Set nine is owned by Dick Cogan, a former big league pitcher, who is now an influential citizen of Paterson. He arranged to have several members of the New York Giants visit Paterson and play the colored team Sunday afternoon. Before the game Drucker, one of New York's pitchers, who hails from the South, objected to playing under his name, preferring to appear under the name of O'Brien because of his racial name as he feared that his reputation would be injured if the colored players defeated the Giants with him in the box. In the seventh inning Umpire Warner gave a decision to which McCormick of the Giants objected. What the umpire said was a foul McCormick claimed was a two-bagger. The two were about to mix when Fletcher interposed. Then Chief of Police Coughlin of Paterson threatened to arrest McCormick if he struck Umpire Warner.

With the score 3 to 3 in the ninth, the Giants started another argument over a new ball, and Wilbert Robinson, who had the visitors in charge, ordered them off the field. Many think this move was made by the Giants because it looked as if they were going to be defeated. It was then that the fans became angered and threw sticks and stones at the retreating residents of Manhattan.

The score:
NEW YORK. r. h. o. a. e. Groh, 3b., 0 0 1 0 0 Brad'y, ss., 0 1 0 3 0 Devore, lf., 0 1 3 0 1 J.J. Mes., 2b., 0 0 3 2 0 Burns, cf., 1 1 0 0 0 Gans, lf., 1 2 7 0 0 M'C'r'k, rf., 1 0 1 0 0 Lamb, cf., 1 0 0 0 1 P'fer, ss., 0 2 3 1 1 Buck'r, rf., 0 0 1 1 0 Snod's, lb., 0 2 13 0 0 M'Cl'an, p., 0 1 0 3 0 Mur'y, 2b., 0 0 2 3 0 J.J. Mes., lb., 0 1 12 2 0 Har'y, c., 1 1 4 2 1 N.W.'s, 3b., 1 1 0 2 1 De'ke, p., 0 0 0 1 0 C.W.'s, c., 0 3 4 2 0

Totals, 3 7 27 17 4 Totals, 3 0 27 15 2
New York 3 0 1 0 0 0 1 1 0 3
Smart Set 0 0 0 0 0 2 1 0 0 3

CABLE WINS INTERCOLLEGIATE HAMMER THROW

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Although records in five events were shattered, that did not end the list of remarkable performances that more than 8,000 went wildly excited over this afternoon.

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JIM FLYNN QUIT COLD TO AVOID SOUND WHIPPING

Referee Smith Says Fireman Is Guilty of Cold Feet.

By Ed Smith.

EAST LAS VEGAS, N. M.—Jim Flynn disgraced everybody by fighting about as foul a battle as a man could devise, bringing down the wrath of the state police of New Mexico in the ninth round of his battle yesterday with Jack Johnson for the world's championship. He demonstrated that he no longer is entitled to be known as "one of the toughest and gamest" of the heavyweights. There is much more respect for a man who will take a punch on the jaw and die than there is for the man who, seeing himself for a trimming, will seek the subterfuge of the foul—the cowardly refuge of the man who isn't game. Flynn might have been game once, but he did not show that he was in this instance.

The Pueblo fireman claimed, and with some justice that Johnson was not fighting him fairly. Perhaps so, for Johnson was guilty of the trick of jerking Flynn into him and slapping at him at the same time. Maddened by the fact that he was being checkmated and outguessed at every stage of the contest, Flynn resorted to the most bare-faced system of fouling. I passed over a few of these and finally, in ninth, all patience exhausted, and after giving him every opportunity to redeem himself I was about to disqualify him and give the contest to the champion when the state police burst into the ring and declared the thing at an end.

Though Johnson won the old question remains: "Is he as good as he was at Reno?" It's hard to answer. There are evidences against it, notwithstanding the fact that he won decisively enough to suit anybody.

COLORED GIRL HONORED.
Special to THE NEW YORK AGE. 12-24-12
ANN ARBOR, Mich., Dec. 24.—Miss Phyllis W. Waters, a senior in the Ann Arbor High School, has been elected captain of the basketball team. This is the first time in the history of the school this honor has been conferred upon a colored girl. She is the daughter of Phil Waters, chief deputy clerk Supreme Court of Appeals of West Virginia, who was also a great athlete when he was a student at the University of Michigan in the 90's.

RUBE FOSTER'S REVIEW ON BASEBALL.

Playing Among the Big Colored Baseball Clubs During the Past Season—The Future Outlook—The American Giants.

Special to The Freeman.

Reviewing the past season in baseball, we find the American Giants again leading as usual all the big colored clubs. Some of the clubs' playing strength has equalled the strength of the Giants, but lacked the pilot at the head to bring results. At the beginning of the past season the outlook for a prosperous season at Chicago was not at all encouraging, but the management of the American Giants, through his efforts and the co-operation of the loyal fans, saw Chicago in its most prosperous season, and better ball played, better clubs and larger attendance than any previous season.

For the first time in history Chicago saw week-day games played and supported them better than any place in the country. The coming season bids fair to eclipse anything attempted before, and from the list of good clubs to be booked, the Chicago fans have a treat in store for them. During the past season the American Giants defeated every club who battled with them in a series of games, excepting the Cuban Stars, who broke even. In 132 games played the American Giants won 112 games. Flushed with their wonderful success and record, the American Giants, whose motto is to surpass anything attempted by other clubs, journeyed to the Pacific coast, where they hold a franchise in the California Winter League. Their great playing, which characterized their work in the East, has been more brilliant on the coast, and they have forged to the top in the league race. Their team plays have opened the eyes of all the big leaguers on the coast, including such stars as Meyers, catcher for the New York Giants; Hamilton, pitcher for the St. Louis Browns; Daley, of the Athletics; Walker, of Washington; Snodgrass, of New York; Ellis, of St. Louis; Downey, of Cincinnati; Carisch and Olson, of Cleveland; Brown, of Boston; Levenaz, of St. Louis; Killifer, of Minneapolis, and all Class AA players. Not a semi-pro player is on the pay roll of either club. Schultz, of Philadelphia; Higginbottom, of Cubs; Hill, of Vernon; Slagle, of Minneapolis; Pieg-

ler, of Indianapolis, are some of the crack pitchers the Giants have made taste the sting of defeat. The Giants leave California the 15th of March, playing at San Francisco, Oakland, Sacramento, Portland, Ore., Salt Lake and by way of Texas, to Oklahoma, Kansas City, Mo., Davenport, Ia., and opening in Chicago, April 20, 1913.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

DREW TO REPRESENT AMERICA.

FREDAY, Dec. 13/12—Over one hundred and fifty of America's greatest athletes sail for Sweden on the Finland to participate in the Olympic games at Stockholm there will be in this representative group a young athlete who is the hope of the athletic world, and is looked upon to win honors for this country. He is Howard P. Drew, the crack colored runner of the Springfield, Mass., High School.

Drew has been picked to represent America in two big events in the Olympic games—the 100 meter flat race and the 220 meter flat race. It is the belief of those who saw the colored runner in the big athletic meet in the Harvard Stadium Saturday that he will bring back to America the medal for being the fastest runner at 100 meters flat.

The meet held Saturday, characterized as the greatest ever pulled off in this country, was to determine the places on the American Olympic team, and it was full of surprises. However, the biggest surprise of the afternoon was when Drew equalled the Olympic record at 100 meters flat and defeated Ralph C. Craig, the former intercollegiate champion sprinter, of Detroit, Mich.

The failure of Craig to win the 100 meters has been the chief topic discussed by experts since Saturday's meet, as no one figured that the Springfield school-boy had a ghost of a show against the well-known Michigan runner. Drew is regarded as one of the strongest men the American team will carry to Stockholm. Aside from being considered formidable at 100 and 200 meters, the members of the executive committee of the Olympic games believe that Drew is dangerous at 70 meters; in fact, they have declared that Craig is no match for Drew at this distance.

TEAM RACING BEGINS

Negro Runner Twice Equals World's Record.

NEW YORK, Dec. 7.—Team racing at twelve miles was inaugurated in indoor track athletics in this country at the Bradhurst Field Club games in the 22nd Regiment Armory tonight. Hannes Kolehmainen, the Finnish Olympic runner, and Harry Smith, this city, ten mile national champion, paired, established the first world's record in this event, 53 minutes, three seconds. Howard Drew the negro Olympic runner, representing the Springfield, Mass., High school twice equalled the world's record 71-5 seconds in the 70 yard indoor dash. Ben and Platt Adams, Olympic standing high jumpers were defeated by Leo Goehring of the Mohawk, A. C., who cleared the bar at five feet, three inches.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

One of the most highly respected representatives of the negro race has made his discovery—that the Greek philosopher Socrates was a negro, says the Wichita Eagle.

Mr. Vernon, former vice president of the treasury, goes further and ventures to advise that the Egyptian Sphinx has the features of the Ethiopian race.

He might have gone a little further while he was trailing down the bank of Hann, and pursued the inquiry clear up to the main plank of the ark.

Mr. Vernon's speech at Alton was doubtless inspired by a desire to cause his fellow men to look upward and shake off their long-incurred sense of dejection.

We believe, however, that his purpose would have been accomplished better if he would let the dead past lay where it is. What was the past of the race will never buy it anything.

The book of every yesterday is closed every midnight, and it is from today and from tomorrow that the Ethiopians, together with all other races, must work out their destiny.

Mr. Vernon's desire to extol his race is commendable, and should be encouraged. All that is wrong with him is that he is facing the wrong way. He should look forward, and not back. He should let Socrates alone, and should point instead to Booker T. Washington and Jack Johnson. They are very different sort of men, but in their line they each have done the best they knew how, and landed in a front seat. Socrates talked a great deal, and the Sphinx has never said a word, but neither one is a black man's hero.—Gutrie Star

COLOR LINE IN OLYMPIC MEET.

Time was when there was no recognized color line in sports. The question of brawn and muscle endurance, with the necessary headwork to make these effective, opened the way in professional athletics of all sorts, in horse racing, prize fighting and the like; among amateur associations and individual groups it was otherwise, and perhaps always will be. But in professional sports of all kinds now the color line is to be found more or less tightly drawn. One of the Boxing Commissioners of New York City, even, has gravely suggested that black and colored

pugilists should not be matched with and the crown of greed of the Gentile white pugilists. Pugilism is as low despoilers of the weak. down his sport can be without crawling on its stomach in the pit as crap shooting does.

The victory that John Arthur Johnson won over James John Jeffries at Reno, Nevada, July 4, 1909, has had as far reaching influence on international politics and diplomacy as the battle of Waterloo, which changed anew the map of the world. The Marathon race will be held at Stockholm, Sweden this year. Several Asiatics have entered for one or the other of the features.

The London correspondent of the Sunday edition of the New York Sun says:

"We have recently had evidence in other than Olympic fields how the triumph of a representative of a colored race over a white man in an athletic contest may have far reaching political effect. The map of the world changes rapidly nowadays, new States come into being and new peoples push for recognition as participants in the civilization of the West. The Olympic arena offers a field wherein these claims can be pressed easily and to great advantage; but it would be idle to pretend that our standards of sporting ethics and of amateurship mean the same thing when stated in terms of some of the Eastern peoples.

"Is the arena to be thrown open to all the world? Or will it be necessary to do what one may hear urged here any day—namely to restrict the Olympic games to the white nations, with specific exceptions in favor of others whom it may seem desirable to invite to join us? The question is one which reaches beyond the athletic world and involves considerations of politics and statesmanship."

The conquest of Asia, Africa, America and Australia by the white races of Europe and the partition of their lands and enslavement or extermination of their people has begun to breed the fear that the physical or mental pre-eminence of representatives of the conquered people in contests with the conquerors may encourage the former in the masses of them to turn upon the masses of the latter of them. The fear is natural, and was intended to be that way. The final settlement of it may not be by statesmanship or diplomacy but by a universal war between the dark races of religious fanatics under the crescent of Mohamet and of the white races under the Moloch Cross of gold

JOHNSON'S RECORD.

Born March 31, 1878, at Galveston, Tex. Height, 6 feet 1/4 inch; weight, 215-220 pounds; nationality, American Negro

1899. Lost—Klondike, 5. 1901. Knockout—Charley Brooks, 2; Horace

Miles, 3; George Lawler, 10. Won—John Lee, 15; Jack McCormick, 7. Draw—Klondike, 20. Knocked out—by Joe Choyinski

1902. Knocked Out—Dan Murphy, 10; Ed Johnson, 4; Joe Kennedy, 4; Joe Kennedy, 4; Jack Jeffries, 5; Klondike, 13. Won—Bob White, 15; Jim Scanlon, 7; Pete Everett, 20; Frank Childs, 12; George Gardner, 20. Won on foul—Frank Childs, 6; Billy Stiff, 10; Hank Griffin, 20; Hank Griffin, 15. Lost—Hank Griffin, 20.

1903. February 3—Denver Ed Martin; won; Los Angeles; 20 rounds.

February 27—Sam McVey; won; Los Angeles; 20 rounds.

April 16—Sandy Ferguson; won; Boston; 10 rounds.

May 11—Joe Butler; knockout; Philadelphia; 3.

July 31—Sandy Ferguson; no decision; Philadelphia; 6.

October 27—Sam McVey; won; Los Angeles; 20 rounds.

December 11—Sandy Ferguson; won; Colma; 20 rounds.

1904. February 16—Black Bill; no decision; Philadelphia; 6.

April 22—Sam McVey; knockout; San Francisco; 20.

June 2—Frank Childs; won; Chicago; 6.

October 18—Denver Ed Martin; knockout; Los Angeles; 2.

1905. March 28—Marvin Hart; lost; San Francisco; 20.

April 25—Jim Jeffords; knockout; Philadelphia; 4.

May 3—Black Bill; won; Philadelphia; 4.

May 9—Walter Johnson; knockout; Philadelphia; 3.

May 9—Joe Jeanette; no decision; Philadelphia; 6.

June 26—Jack Munroe; no decision; Philadelphia; 6.

July 15—Morris Harris; knockout; Philadelphia; 3.

July 15—Black Bill; no decision; Philadelphia; 6.

July 18—Sandy Ferguson; won on foul; Chelsea; 7.

July 24—Joe Grim; no decision; Philadelphia; 6.

November 25—Joe Jeanette; lost on foul; Philadelphia; 2.

December 1—Young Peter Jackson; won; Baltimore; 12.

December 2—Joe Jeanette; no decision; Philadelphia; 6.

1906. January 16—Joe Jeanette; no decision; New York; 3.

March 15—Joe Jeanette; won; Baltimore; 15.

April 12—Black Bill; knockout; Wilkes-Barre; 7.

April 26—Sam Langford; won; Chelsea; 15.

June 18—Charlie Haghey; won; Gloucester; 1.

September 26—Joe Jeanette; no deci-

sion; Philadelphia; 6.

November 8—Jim Jeffords; won; Lancaster, Pa.; 6.

November 26—Joe Jeanette; draw; Portland, Me.; 19.

1907. February 14—Peter Felix; knockout; Sydney, N. S. W.; 1.

March 4—Bill Lange; knockout; Melbourne; 9.

July 17—Bob Fitzsimmons; knockout; Philadelphia; 2.

August 28—Kid Cutler; knockout; Reading, Pa.; 1.

September 12—Sailor Burke; won; Bridgeport; 6.

November 2—Jim Flynn; knockout; San Francisco; 11.

1908. June—Al McNamara; won; Plymouth;

July 31—Ben Taylor; knockout; Plymouth; 8.

December 26—Tommy Burns; won; Sydney, N. S. W.; 14.

1909. March 10—Victor MacLachlan; won; Vancouver, B. C.; 6.

May 10—Philadelphia Jack O'Brien; no decision; Philadelphia; 6.

June 30—Tony Ross; no decision; Pitts-

September 9—Al Kaufmann; no deci-

October 16—Stanley Ketchell; knock-

out; Colma, Cal.; 12.

1910. July 4—James J. Jeffries; knockout; Reno, Nev.; 15.

RECORDS FALL IN TRYOUTS

FOR SIXTH OLYMPIC MEET

Eastern Athletes Establish

Several New World's Records

15,000 PEOPLE PRESENT

New Marks Set in 1,500 and

10,000 Meter Runs and

in Pole Vault

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., June 8.—The

American team to the sixth Olympic

meet at Stockholm will be materially

strengthened by the eighteen East-

ern athletes, winners today in the

Harvard Stadium. New world's rec-

ords were established in the 1,500 and

10,000-meter runs and the pole vault,

the 100-meter dash was equalled and

winners of the 800-meter and several

other events seemed capable of more

extended efforts.

Fifteen thousand people heard it

announced that the winners would go

to Stockholm, that the national com-

mittee will meet in New York Mon-

day to fill the remainder of the East-

ern quota.

The 1,500-meter run—A. R. Kiviat

of the Irish A. C. won in three min-

utes, 55 4-5 seconds, missing the

world's record by only one-fifth of a

second. An hour later Berna, Cor-

nell's two-miler, came within two sec-

onds of the record in the 5,000-meter

run.

Cuts World's Record.

William J. Kramer, of the Long Island A. C. in the 10,000-meter run, cut the world's record to 31 minutes, 43 1-5 seconds. He made six miles in 30 minutes, 43 seconds; the world's record for the distance being 31 minutes, 5 1-5 seconds.

Marie S. Wright, the Dartmouth pole vaulter, cleared the bar at 13 feet, 2 1-4 inches, putting in the shade the 13 feet, 1 inch held by Gardner of Yale.

Early in the afternoon R. C. Craig of Detroit flashed over the 100 meters in 10 4-5 seconds, the Olympic time, but in hour later H. P. Drew, the negro high school boy from Springfield, Mass., made the same time, and beat out Craig by more than two yards.

Kramer and Hugh F. Maguire of Attleboro had a pretty duel for several miles in the 10,000-meter run, which totals about six miles and 376 yards.

Records Fall.

Records began to fall at the 5 1-4 mile, the figures being as follows:

Kramer—Distance, 5 1-4 miles, 6:49 1-5, former time 27:6 1-5, 5 1-2 miles, 28:8 1-5, former time 28:26, 3-4 miles, 22:25 4-5, former time 19:41 4-5, 6 miles, 30:43, former time 11:5 1-5, 10,000 meters, 31:43 3-5, former time 32:12 4-5, 6 1-4 miles, 31:52 2-5, former time 32:25.

George F. Horine of San Francisco failed to establish a new record for running high jump.

ONE RECORD BROKEN.

EVANSTON, ILL., June 8.—One Olympic record was broken and two were tied in the Western Trials for the American Olympic Team held at Northwestern University Field today.

N. J. Patterson, Chicago Athletic Association, lowered the record for the 1,500-meter run one second when he crossed the tape in 4:02 2-5.

In the 100-meter dashes C. T. Wilson, Coe College, equaled the record in the first preliminary heat, which he ran in 19 2-5. C. C. Cook, Cleveland, O., Athletic Club, tied the 200-meter dash record in the final heat, winning in 21 3-5.

G. W. Philbrook, Notre Dame University, was the individual star of the meet. He won the javelin throw, took second and third in the discus, and and two firsts in the sixteen-pound shot put, throwing left and right handed.

NEGROES SHINE IN THE RING.

Three of the Greatest World's Champions Were Colored—Once Famous Trio, George Dixon, Joe Gans and Joe Walcott, Were Unexcelled in the History of the Ring.

The sport-loving public takes unseemly delight in calling a man "yellow." If a fighter shows the least inclination to quit, or if in the thickest of the fight he slows up for some reason, perhaps to conserve his forces, and it turns out that he is beaten, the first thing that comes into the minds of fistie devotees is the accusation, "He's not game." Especially is that attitude applied to Negro pugilists. There has been cause, of course, many Negro whalers having been troubled with a lack of courage. But exceptions have been noted. Some of the best fighters since the time of Figg have been Negroes.

Peter Jackson, for instance. The great West Indian who battled Jim Corbett 61 rounds to a draw. Then there was

George Godfrey, first colored champion heavyweight of America, and Frank Craig, the "Harlem Coffee Cooler." There are some truly remarkable Negro fighters today—Johnson, Langford, Jeanette, McVea—but one splendid trio of Negro battlers is foremost in pugilistic history.

It was composed of George Dixon, Joe Gans and Joe Walcott. Dixon, the first Negro world's champion; Gans of knockout fame; Walcott, the Barbados terror, whose head was so close to his shoulders that it was next to impossible to hurt him. All three won the highest honors the ring can bestow.

Dixon was ruler of the featherweights and bantams, Gans of the lightweights, and Walcott became master of the welters.

Dixon was the most popular Negro that ever raised a glove. He was likewise the greatest ring artist. His career started in Halifax, Nova Scotia, in 1886, when he knocked out Young Johnson. The following year he came to this country and located in Boston. He had 26 fights in Massachusetts cities and in other eastern towns, dating from 1887 to February 7, 1890, when he met Cal McCarthy for the bantam championship of America. The men fought 70 rounds to a draw with two-ounce gloves.

Dixon was a different miller from the general run of fighters. Where, as a rule, coming champions knock out most of their opponents in the early days of their careers, Dixon played safe and was content with winning over his opponents. All the time he was learning cleverness, but when he fought McCarthy he did not look much like the star he became later.

"Little Chocolate" had four fights after the memorable affair with McCarthy, and then Tom O'Rourke took him to London, where in June, 1890, he defeated Nunc Wallace, bantam champion of England, in 18 rounds. Nine months later he again fought McCarthy for the bantam championship of America and won it at Troy, N. Y., in 25 rounds. Next he met Abe Willis, the Australian champion, at San Francisco and knocked him out in five rounds. Dixon became bantam champion of the world as a result of this feat.

There being no good men left in the bantam class for him to meet, he fought several featherweights and whipped them one after another. A year after his battle with Willis he was matched with Fred Johnson for the world's championship. They struggled at Coney Island for a \$5,000 purse and Dixon dropped Johnson for the count in the fourteenth round.

Dixon continued in the game until 1906. In 1909 he lost the featherweight title to Terry McGovern.

In the '90s, Joe Walcott blazed a trail for lightweights, welterweights and middleweights that was hard to follow. Walcott was a welterweight, but he trained down to 133 pounds for Kid Lavigne when the Kid was champion at that weight in 1895 and the Michiganander gave him a terrific lacing. Before the Lavigne fight, and after, Walcott was universally feared. He was animalistic in his attack and established a string of knockouts. Walcott was a powerful puncher, and never hesitated to fight a man 10 to 60 pounds heavier than himself. His first fight with Mysterious Billy Smith was one of the most brutal ever staged. Smith was protected by two sets of articles and after fifteen fierce rounds had been reeled off Smith's handler, Jim Westcott, told the referee the battle was over. The decision was a draw and the backers of Smith thus saved their money.

Walcott became welterweight champ after that title had passed back and forth between Rube Ferns, Matty Matthews and Mysterious Billy Smith. He was the greatest demon welterweight of two decades. Walcott got his schooling under George Dixon, who took him in hand when he came from Barbados.

Joe Gans was the name of a boxing marvel from Baltimore who rose to the height of lightweight champion in 1902

after eleven years of mixing. He was the third Negro to become a titled head. His career was sixteen years long. The curtains lowered on him when Battling Nelson stopped him twice in 1907.

Gans was the greatest knockerout of the ring. Sixty-one forms buried their faces in the carpet at the behest of his thudding fists. Gans was both a fighter and a boxer—a true artist. He had an eye for distance that was remarkable, and his blows rarely traveled over a couple of inches. He was also a fine blocker. In 1902, at Fort Erie, Ont., he felled Frank Erne in a round and won the lightweight blue ribbon. His best fights were with Dal Hawkins, as dangerous a man as himself; Frank Erne and Bat Nelson. Gans put Hawkins away twice after Hawkins had rocked him groggy, the first contest going two rounds and the other three rounds. Joe lost once to Erne in twelve rounds. He won over Nelson on a foul in forty-two rounds and lost in seventeen and twenty one rounds, respectively.

These three Negroes were the most famed in the history of pugilism. Now Dixon and Gans are dead and Walcott, who attempted to "come back" at Boston a few months ago, and won a couple of bouts, is reported to be dying of consumption.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CUBA'S "BLACK MATHEWSON."

A Colored Star Pitcher—Jose Mendez Who Has Defeated Best of Our Big League Teams and Works Wonders on Diamond.

Freeman 2-24-12
Mendez's complete record since 1908, his first season in baseball, is as follows: In 1908, his first season, Mendez pitched seven games in the regular Cuban league season and won them all; pitched three games against the Brooklyn Royal Iants in the United States and won all three, pitched two against the Cincinnati National league team and shut the mout in both games, and pitched two against Key West, both of which he won. Giving Mendez a clean slate for his first season, 1908, of fourteen games won and none lost, an average of 1.000, and two of these games were against a team of our big leaguers and three others were against one of our strongest semi-pro teams.

In 1909 Mendez won 18 and lost 8, one of his victories being over the Detroit American league team, one from the All-Star team of the National and American league players, and one from the Indianapolis American Association team. In 1910 he did all his pitching against teams from "the States," winning 3 and losing 0 to the Leland Giants; winning 2 and losing 0 against the Philadelphia Athletics, and losing 2 and tying 1 against Detroit. In 1911 he won 13 and lost 3, two of his victories being over the Philadelphia Nationals.

Mendez's chief asset in a pitching way is terrific speed with a fast breaking jump to the ball, which he mixes with a fast breaking curve, and excellent control and fine judgment in working the batsmen. Ball players from the States who have batted against Mendez or tried to, rather, assert that there is no pitcher in baseball today, barring possibly, Walter Johnson, who has as much "smoke" as this "Black Mathewson" of Cuba. The thing that causes

him most wonderment among our players who have played in Cuba, however, is the wonderful ability of Mendez in fielding his position. He is remarkably fast on his feet and a quick starter, has a cool head and excellent judgment and can throw from any position like a rifle shot. Mendez plays the whole infield position when he is pitching, and it is almost impossible to lay down a safe bunt against him or even sacrifice, as he will invariably get the ball in time to nail the advance man. His infield plays to this wonderful fielding ability of Mendez when he is pitching, too, by spreading closer to the foul line and leaving Mendez to plug up the holes in the center of the infield, so you will

at once see how difficult it is to get base hits on the ground the day Mendez happens to be working.

Mendez's Career.

Jose Mendez is a Cuban Negro, and was born in Cardenas, a city of ten hours distant from Havana, on March 19, 1887. He worked as a cigar maker until he and others discovered that he had something that Cuban ball players couldn't hit with any great degree of success, when the Almendares team of the Cuban league grabbed him and he pitched his first real game of baseball for that team in February, 1908. He was taken on a tour of the United States with the All-Cuban team in the summer of 1908, and he performed so well against the strong semi-professional teams here that when the Cincinnati National league team inaugurated these annual winter invasions of Cuba in the fall of 1908, Mendez was selected to pitch the first game. What he did to the "Reds" in this game and also in the next one has already been told, and Mendez soon won fame on the island and came to be called the "Black Mathewson." Cubans will bet their heads off now any time Mendez opposes one of our big league teams, and they have always got a run for their money.

Mendez is 5 feet 10 inches in height and weighs but 152 pounds. The wonder is where he gets his terrific speed, but he has an easy delivery and pitches "from his heels up," and has never been known to have a sore arm. Owing to his marvelous fielding ability he works twice as hard as the average pitcher even under the burning rays of a tropical sun. What a corking hot weather pitcher he would make up here if he could only be whitewashed.

One of Mendez's best assets is keeping his head under fire. He was never rattled in his life, and while having his bad days the same as any other pitcher has, he minimizes the effect of these bad days through his wonderful fielding ability and always keeping his head and knowing what to do with the ball when he got it. He has never been the author of a bonehead play.

Realizes Handicap of Color.

Mendez is known in Havana as a modest and well-behaved gentleman at all times, both on the field of play and off, as he seems to apparently realize that his color bars him from many of the privileges accorded to the white baseball hero. While pitching, he is constantly smiling, showing his teeth in a broad grin, their whiteness forming a vivid contrast with his black skin. Every cent Mendez earns goes to the support of his mother, whom he can now afford to give every pleasure of the wealthy class of Cubans. Baseball affairs in Cuba are operated on the co-operative basis, the players dividing among themselves and the management the receipts of the games, the batteries getting a half share more than the other players. Mendez's share in these receipts for the month of November of this year was \$584, as every time Mendez works down there they play to capacity, the fans in Havana, white as well as colored, idolizing their "Black Mathewson" much in the same way as New Yorkers idolize their white one.

It is one of the pathetic instances of life to see this Cuban Negro, possessing all the characteristics of a gentleman and an ability that would make him one of the great figures in a great pastime, qualities that would bring him world-wide fame and popularity and wealth, barred from reaping the full benefits of these qualifications through the misfortune of birth. Jose Mendez will always have to be content just to be Cuba's "Black Mathewson."—Jim Naisium in Philadelphia Inquirer.

Sports—1912.

JACK JOHNSON STILL CHAMPION

Securer in Title than Ever—His Victory a Severe Set-Back for White Hopes.

Flynn Fought Like a Boy in the Hands of His School-Master.

(By Billy Lewis.)

The fistie battle fought at Las Vegas, July 4th, between Jack Johnson, champion heavyweight fighter of the world, and Jim Flynn, the would-be champion, is now ancient history, so to speak; yet like all things great or of great significance, it stands out, and hence will always be of pugilistic interest. The great expected has happened. At no time was it seriously thought that Flynn had a chance of despoiling Jack Johnson of his title of the champion of champions, the world's very best physical man, and perhaps the very best man that has ever lived. If one is inclined to doubt that sweeping assertion, I respectfully refer them to that long line of battles wherein were included some of the best men that ever stepped in a ring. Langford, who now bristles up to him, has gone down before him more than once. Jeanette also has occasion to remember his highness, and McVey, and Jeffries, in whom was a sum of fighters, and Fitzsimmons who wore the scalp of Corbett about his loins. Plainly it means the very eminence of things for Johnson, who has whipped the world of fighting men singly or through representation. That is to say, if he did not whip Corbett and John L. Sullivan directly, he did so indirectly, beating the men that had beaten them. Tommy Burns yielded up the ghost in the far-away Antipodes—a battle wherein one is reminded of routed forces, flying in every direction, yet pursued by a relentless general until the last man is overtaken. Burns turned like a stag at bay in Australia, where he fought like a demon; with soul and body. But his fate had been writ. Perhaps none has done so well as Burns; none of his successors. There has been a "declivity" of white hopes, like the degrees of adjectives in grammar—bad, worse, worst. It is useless to say that these spell, Burns, Jeffries, Flynn.

At the outcome of the great series of fights recently pulled off in Australia, where Sam McVey was victor in all of his bouts with white men, the Australian papers grew long faced about the matter. They attempted an analysis of the races physically, concluding the white men were not meant to cope physically with black men; insisting that black men more nearly approached the brute creation where there seems a double endowment of strength and courage. Whatever it may be, it can be set down, that, with equal conditions, weight, age, preparedness to fight, a white man will not whip a black man. The thing of courage is the ruling force in the matter. And the Negro man is full of that. The Negro boy will concede a white boy long on intellect; he, if associated with him in school, will marvel at his readiness to acquire; he will see something almost superhuman at his ease in doing intellectual things, assaulting his own dull, plodding being at its wingless flight. But to the stadium, the gymnasium and ecce homo! The tables are turned. Now the pale faces hover alongside, struck with amazement at the ease with which Negro boys do physical things. Not one or two merely as with them. Nearly every man of 'em is born to the physical purple. It is not too much to say that, No Negro boy thinks a white boy of equal age and size has any business monkeying around him. He has sublime courage that he can do the work; it is sufficient.

Knowing what part courage plays in physical strife, Jim Flynn's position was really pitiable. He, himself, started out half-hearted, saying that he would try to defeat Jack Johnson. What candidate for



JACK JOHNSON.

office would be so lukewarm in his own behalf? He knows that he will win. He means to inspire courage among his supporters. What general ever led his men against acknowledged defeat? He must see it possible to win. "The race is not to the swiftest one," always; it's the theory of the odds. The good baseball captain says go to base one although the batted ball is in the hand of the pitcher.

Later on Flynn saw his mistake. He gave it out in a parrot-like way that he would win. He just knew it, and so forth. He could not stem that flood of doubt which he himself had helped to set in motion. It was too late, especially when he gave no promise through his achievements, his exhibitions or his training. Ryan, his best man, deserts him in the very hour of battle, writing him down as found wanting. Already the consensus of opinions of sport experts had taken his measure, pronounced him not equal to the occasion. The newspapers had no good word of encouragement. He heard the hurrah of his crowd of partisans as he entered the ring, but long since they had registered their decision and posted their money according to their opinions. Betting would take no roseate hue, regard less of his stoutly growing talk of how he was going to do it. As he said before, he had given the tip to his own spiritual

insufficiency; it did not help him. What did it all mean? Much more than the casual observer thinks.

Never was a fighter so woefully abandoned. Courage, the great necessity, had no lever to foist to that whereabouts where men may fill their spiritual estate of equality with other men. Flynn entered the battle short in all respects, and particularly in that most essential, courage. How could he hope to win? How did he manage to enter the ring at all, being without a single prop on which to lean? Who said: "Jimmie Flynn, you will win. You must win. Flynn, win, and the world will grudge you nothing?"

Ryan was right. Flynn was not fitted for the job. He did seem stubborn and perverse in his training. His system of fighting did seem foolish—a battering ram style, with his head ducked down, permitting Johnson to pluck him ad lib. Jack had prepared for what little science there was in Flynn's style, giving him those stinging uppercuts that made ribbons of his face. Flynn doubtless worked out the theory that a good ram-like butt would cause Johnson to see stars and thus put him out of commission, when he would be merely cautioned against the

thing, when too late. He acted as a rebellious boy in the arms of his school master, careering and charging, but all to no purpose.

The Johnson victory is a most disastrous blow to the white hope class. The most sanguine Johnson admirer hoped that Flynn would make a good showing in the interest of the game. But he proved so "infinitely" superior to the fireman that the hopes, one will think, have taken to the tall and uncut. None looms up on the horizon, except one Palzer, and very likely his ear is not to the ground a-listening for the call.

NOTES.

Carpenters were yet working on the arena while the fans were entering. They were putting on the finishing touches.

Las Vegas was not a Reno by any means. Perhaps there will never be an other Reno; it was a classic.

According to report, Johnson weighed 212 pounds, some say 219, but 212 is more likely to be correct. Flynn weighed 190 pounds.

"I never want to see another pair of boxing gloves, either in private or in public." This is Jack Johnson's second farewell speech. He promised to emphatically retire after the Fourth of July fight. Now he will retire on the day following Labor Day. He says that if Palzer wishes to fight him, that he will have to hurry.

Johnson picked up \$5,000 by way of a side bet. Mrs. Johnson, according to Jack, cleaned up \$6,000; enough to tide 'em over this winter without drawing on their main resources.

When the \$31,000 was paid the champion by Curley, he put on that invincible grin; it staid with him, excepting when Flynn got to butting, when it flitted away for a moment or so.

Flynn's supporters from Pueblo, perhaps two hundred in number, and distinguished by white rooter hats, sat together and were prepared to greet their man when he arrived.

Before the midgits opened fire, Cannon introduced Cass Carver, a huge Texas unknown, with white hope aspirations. He challenged the winner; that is, of the Johnson-Flynn, not the Day-Day bout. No one has ever heard of Cass Carver since.

The officials of the big bout as announced at the ringside were Edward Smith, of Chicago, referee; timekeeper for the club, Otto Floto, of Denver; for Jim Flynn, Al Tearney, of Chicago, also stakeholder; for Johnson, Tom Flanagan.

A telegram addressed to the referee, ringside, was delivered just before the fight. It was signed McMahon brothers, New York, and was a \$20,000 offer for a Joe Jeanette-Johnson match in that city. Another message from New York asked that Johnson be challenged from the ring for Jeanette. They were pigeon-holed to await future consideration.

Al Palzer wired a challenge to the winner, saying he had posted a \$5,000 forfeit in Cincinnati. Luther McCarthy wired Flynn a win or lose challenge, the fight to be in New York, if arranged.

Our Billy McClain was there. He is direct from Australia, perhaps travels more miles to see the fight than any other individual present. O, you Indianapolis! He is Sam McVey's manager, and expects to hatch a fight with Johnson. His chances for a scrap don't look good.

A tremendous ovation was given Flynn when he arrived. He was accompanied by Doc Roller, Abul the Turk, Louie Haines, Chick Coleman and Ray Marshall.

Johnson's reception wasn't so warm. At the windup the coldfeetters came through in good style. They fairly gave him the chautauqua in unanimity.

At 2:49 the battle began. The rounds rolled off to the good of Johnson, who seemed determined to drag them out, may be in order to give the picture people a chance. Flynn was at his mercy all along.

Some recent performances of the two principals: Johnson knocked out Jim Jeffries in fifteen rounds at Reno, Nev., July 4, 1910; knocked out Stanley Ketchell in twelve rounds at Colma, Cal., October 16, 1909. Flynn defeated Carl Morris in ten rounds at Madison Square Garden, New York, September 15, 1911, and

FLYNN GOES DOWN.

Puts Up a Surprisingly Poor Fight With Jack Johnson—Andrews Thinks He Threw Away a Chance.

By T. S. Andrews.

EAST LAS VEGAS, N. M., July 4.—Another championship battle on the heavyweight division has been fought and won in a distinctly one-sided manner. Jack Johnson was the victor in a decision over Jim Flynn by Referee Smith in the ninth round after 10 of Fomour had ordered the contest stopped on account of developing into a rough house from a boxing match.

Up to that time it was clearly Johnson's battle on points for he gave the Pueblo fireman a terrific beating, punishing him badly with right upper cuts and left-hand jabs to the face. Johnson fought the same careful battle that he did against Jeffries at Reno. He was accurate in his hitting and seldom missed connections, once he shot out his right or left. He was a past master at blocking and many of the blows which apparently went home from Flynn swings were neatly blocked. Flynn had a splendid chance, had he taken it, but he threw it away when he began butting the colored man. He kept yelling at the referee that Johnson was holding him and both were warned, but Flynn's butting was so palpable that the referee could not overlook it and if the chief had not interfered the chances are that Referee Smith would have given the fight to Johnson on a foul.

Flynn Makes Big Mistake.

In the third and sixth rounds Flynn made his best showing. He made the same mistake Tommy Burns did in Australia in carrying the fight to Johnson, which was just what the colored man wanted, for there is no boxer living who can put up the battle Johnson can under such conditions.

Spider Kelly, the former lightweight, remarked that Flynn had the chance of his life had he fought a careful and long battle, as he felt certain he would have worn Johnson down, but he threw it all away by useless butting.

Johnson says he will now go to Australia and show Sam Langford and Sam McVey that he is master of the whole bunch and that after that he will be ready to retire, although he may first meet Al Palzer, Art Grand, who managed the fight with Jack Curley, was sore, and said Flynn fought foul and spoiled what chances they had of winning even with the moving pictures, as they will lose \$22,000 on the venture. Flynn wants another battle, but Johnson says he will not get it. It was one of the worst championship battles of recent years and will do the game no good. It will also kill the sport in this state for a time anyway.

Police Stop the Fight.

The fight was scheduled to go forty-five rounds, but in the ninth Capt. Fornoff, of the state force, personal representative at the ringside of Governor McDonald, declared that it was no longer a boxing contest; that it was a brutal exhibition and that Flynn's foul tactics made its continuance impossible. He jumped into the ring with his deputies and drove the fighters and officials who followed him to the corner. Referee Ed W. Smith then announ

that Johnson had won and the fight was over.

Flynn displayed no ability throughout the fight. He was cut about the face until blood ran down his breast in a stream. He was utterly helpless from the first round on and by the sixth was deliberately trying to butt the champion's chin with his head. Time after time as Johnson held him powerless in the clinches, Flynn jerked his head upward.

Referee Warns Flynn.

Smith warned him repeatedly but it did no good. In the seventh he began leaping upward every time he could work his head under Johnson's chin. Flynn's feet were both off the floor time and again with the energy he put into his bounds. Sometimes he seemed to leap two feet into the air in frantic plunges at the elusive jaw above him.

Referee Smith forced Flynn back toward his corner a half dozen times. "Stop that butting," he would say, shaking his finger in Flynn's face; "stop it or I will disqualify you."

"The — Negro's holding me," Flynn roared back. "He's holding me all the time. He's holding me like this," and he offered to illustrate to the referee. Smith evaded the blood-smeared arms held toward him and waved the two men together again.

In the next clinch—it was in the eighth round—Flynn flung himself upward again. Smith jumped between them and warned him once more. "Next time you do it I'll disqualify you," he shouted at Flynn; but changed his mind, for it happened again and again in that round and repeatedly in the ninth before the police took a hand.

Champion Holds Back.

Through it all the champion was grinning. He evaded Flynn's attacks with the utmost ease, whether the Pueblo man led with his hands or his head. Only once in the nine rounds did he show any wish to end the fight, and yet ringside opinion was unanimous that he could have put Flynn out at any time he happened to fancy, whether in the first or the ninth round. The champion opened up only once early in the fight when Flynn landed his only good blows, right and left hooks to the jaw, delivered during a clinch. Johnson appeared nettled at his own carelessness and smashed a right upper-cut through Flynn's guard which rocked the white man on his feet. Then the champion grinned again and went back to delivering uppercuts in the clinches and covered Flynn's face with blood.

Apparently Johnson did not attempt to hit hard. He contented himself with a slow, scientific chopping, every blow finding its way through the barricade of gloves and elbows behind which Flynn crouched. It was a perfect exhibition of guarding and hitting in the clinches as far as the champion was concerned. Not a blow of Flynn's reached Johnson with any force behind it. Flynn's blows were tossed aside unless Johnson chose to allow him to batter away at his stomach. Johnson smiling the while over Flynn's shoulder.

When the fight was over there was not a mark on Johnson beyond a cut inside his lower lip, which bled slightly for a few minutes.

Immediately after the fight Johnson hastened to the betting counter to collect his wagers on himself. He drove there from the ringside in his automobile and was forced to address the crowd in the big room before he could leave for his camp.

Flynn was rushed to his camp from the

Flynn was eager to be disqualified. He was helpless as a child and made no effort to disguise his attempt to do with his skull what his gloves could not accomplish.

knocked out Al Kaufmann in ten rounds at Kansas City, May 5, 1911.

Flynn thought that Johnson was going back. He was very much mistaken. Flynn has gone back or standing still, while Johnson has passed him like a man on horseback.

"I paid Johnson \$31,000 yesterday," Curley declared. "The gate receipts of the fight will amount to approximately \$35,000. Every dollar of the expenses of promoting the fight was borne by myself personally, no one else being interested with me. The financial end was a complete failure. I stand to lose about \$15,000 of my own money, to say nothing of the \$10,000 put up by the business men of Las Vegas."

It is now said that the official statement of the affair shows that Jack Johnson, winner of the contest, received but \$21,000 for his two months' work instead of the \$31,000 promised. Johnson got \$1,100 before he left Chicago to begin training for the battle in Las Vegas. But two days before the contest, when things looked extremely bad for a big house, he agreed with Manager Curley to take less. So he received, it is said, \$12,000 in cash, and notes, well secured, for \$8,000 before the fight. These were taken up later.

THE JOHNSON-FLYNN FIGHT TOLD BY ROUNDS

LAS VEGAS, N. M.—The ring was cleared at 2:48, with Announcer Cannon making his first remarks referring to the rules governing the contest. After the men had discussed these rules, time was called at 2:49.

Round 1—"Will you shake hands, Jack?" queried Flynn, as he opened the battle by rushing into a clinch. "No," retorted the black. Flynn kept in close, but Johnson easily avoided his attempts and flung a stiff left to the ear. The champion pushed his man across the ring and then hooked his left to the ear, and a moment later flung a hard short-arm jolt in the jaw. Johnson smiled constantly and fought with great care. Flynn backed the Negro against the ropes and the champion rewarded him with a right that cut a deep gash under his left eye. Round all Johnson's.

Round 2—As Flynn rushed, Johnson simply grasped him about the shoulders and held him at bay, all the while grinning like an ape. The champion pecked at the fireman's face with light lefts, and as they clinched twice uppercut, twice heavily with rights to the jaw. The champion toyed with Flynn, twice more shooting right uppercuts to the jaw, one of which sent the fireman's head bobbing. The champion early indicated it was to be a battle of words as well as of blows, time and again exchanging his usual repartee with the spectators. Flynn's mouth bled as he took his seat, very much worsted during the three minutes of fighting in this round.

Round 3—Flynn cut short a remark of Johnson by twice hooking his right to the jaw. This nettled the black, and he cut loose with short-arm uppercuts to the jaw. Johnson bled slightly from the mouth as he emerged from a midring clinch, but Flynn spat blood in a stream, as the champion cut his mouth with a volley of rights and lefts.

Round 4—Flynn rushed in close and was met with the customary rain of right and left uppercuts to the face. At that it seemed as if Johnson was holding himself in check. He shook Flynn with a few stomach taps, scarcely trying to protect his body from Flynn's attacks. Johnson constantly shoved his stomach and invited him to blaze away, which convinced the spectators. Flynn excited a great cheer when he rushed Johnson to the ropes and planted a solid left to the jaw. The round ended with Flynn's face covered with blood. Johnson's round.

Round 5—Johnson turned his head to

the spectators and hardly noticed his white antagonist. Flynn banged away at the stomach, but this time Johnson covered up and shot four lefts to the face in quick succession, varying it with a left uppercut to the jaw. Flynn, at close range, sent half a dozen punches on the stomach, but Johnson only smiled and again made no apparent attempt to protect his midsection. Johnson aroused the crowd to merriment by releasing Flynn's hold and clapping his own gloves together like a happy school girl. "I can't fight while he's holding me," shouted Flynn, protesting to the referee. The round ended then, with Johnson holding a running conversation with his wife and second.

Round 6—Flynn butted with his head three times and complained that Johnson made it justifiable by holding him. Flynn was severely reprimanded for deliberately butting the champion. Flynn tried to find a loophole to stem the beating given him. Johnson dazed the fireman with his speed, landing left and right to the jaw. "He's holding me," was Flynn's cry. Johnson, maddened, landed a volley of straight left and right punches to the face, fairly bewildering Flynn, then he stopped himself, apparently with a view to prolonging the contest. Flynn's seconds also warned him to cease butting when he sat down.

Round 7—Johnson landed fully a dozen rapid-fire rights and lefts to the fireman's face, and at the same time placed himself in a position to withstand Flynn's butting tactics. "Wait a minute," cried Johnson to a spectator who had shouted for him to end it. Flynn bled profusely from the nose as Johnson beat a tattoo with left and right to that organ. Flynn failed to land a glove on the champion, the black's defense proving impregnable. Johnson made the blood fairly spurt as he rained blow after blow on his bewildered opponent. There was not a drop of blood on Johnson as he took his seat.

Round 8—Flynn tried to butt again, but was warned. The round was very much like its predecessors, with Johnson uppercutting and Flynn butting viciously, at the same time losing a world of blood. Flynn was helpless in the champion's hands, and for the tenth time in this round was warned, the referee adding: "Once more and I'll disqualify you."

Round 9—Johnson held the fireman at arms length in an attempt to guard himself against the fireman's constant butting. Flynn finally got in close, jumped a foot in the air and landed with the top of his head against Johnson's jaw. Captain of Police Cowles, realizing that the referee seemed loath to end the contest on a foul, jumped into the ring and brought the battle to an end. Referee Smith thereupon gave the decision to Johnson. Johnson was given a terrific cheer while the crowd wended its way out of the arena.

AT THE SCENE OF THE FIGHT.

EAST LAS VEGAS, N. M., July 4.—Jim Flynn, battered and beaten at all stages of the contest, evidently attempted to force the referee to give Johnson the contest on a foul. Repeatedly warned against using foul tactics, the white man repeatedly offended by butting into the black champion until Captain Fred Fornoff, of the state mounted police, jumped into the ring and stopped the battle. Captain Fornoff said he did so because it was no longer a prize fight, but had become a slaughter and a brutal exhibition.

Today, as a result of the terrific beating he received, Flynn's nose was broken, both eyes blackened, his cheek laid open and his lips and both ears were puffed up enormously.

Johnson, on the other hand, bore no mark of the so-called battle, except two slightly puffed lips, which he received when Flynn deliberately butted him in the mouth.

Thinks He Was Robbed.

Although Flynn declared that he had been "robbed," there were few who witnessed the fiasco who paid any attention to his claim. The white man did not venture down town during the morning, preferring to remain at his Montezuma Spring quarters until the crowd

of fans had dwindled.

Johnson, on the other hand, was the picture of good humor and his golden smile was very much in evidence.

"You know I have always fought on the level," he told the United Press correspondent. "I have been accused of having a yellow streak in numerous fights, but I have never been guilty. I have many times overlooked foul tactics of other fighters, but I cannot understand why this fellow Flynn was allowed to go on as long as he did without being disqualified. I complained to the referee several times, but there was nothing doing except warnings until the police took the matter into their own hands."

Johnson insisted that he had not had to extend himself at any stage of the fight, and that, if it hadn't been for Flynn's tactics he wouldn't have borne a single mark. The champion spent the day packing up his effects, preparatory to leaving for Chicago over the Santa Fe at 11 o'clock tonight, accompanied by his wife and entire staff of trainers.

Best for Years to Come.

The consensus of opinion here today was that it will be many years before a heavy-weight fighter is developed capable of wrestling the title from Johnson. Flynn made a foul and hopeless fight almost from the start. As early as the third round it was evident he had no chance. In the sixth Referee Ed Smith warned the white man, stopping the contest to say that he would award the decision to Johnson unless Flynn stopped his butting tactics. In the seventh Watson Burns, Johnson's chief trainer, loudly claimed a foul, but Flynn continued to butt Johnson in the same manner.

Jack evidently tried to overlook the dirty work, but in the eighth he could stand it no longer and appealed to the referee. Smith again stopped the contest and gave Flynn what he called a final warning. Johnson seemed serious in the ninth and split Flynn's nose wide open with a vicious straight left jab about a minute after the round began. The Puebloan, angered because of the blow, deliberately ran at Johnson and butted him in the mouth three times before Smith could speak. Fornoff jumped into the ring and stopped the fight and Smith tapped Johnson on the back, awarding him the decision.

Smoke Joshed Crowd.

Except in the last couple of rounds, when Flynn insisted on butting, Johnson refused to take the fight seriously. He towered high above the white man in the clinches and good-naturedly joshed and joshed with the crowd and with Flynn. Whenever Flynn seriously tried to land a blow, Johnson displayed a cleverness and ease in blocking and getting away that made Flynn look like the veriest tyro.

Fans who saw both the Las Vegas and Reno fights, in which Johnson participated, declared today that the Reno fiasco was really more of a fight than that of yesterday.

arena. He was not hurt except for the cuts and bruises on his face. He had nothing to say.

The fight was utterly lacking in interest. It was like a training bout at Johnson's camp outside of the blood Flynn lost. There was not a cheer throughout the nine rounds and the crowd accepted the action of the police with apparent relief. Long before the end came, ringside opinion seemed to be that